

# THE DIAL

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## THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY.

It is natural that present-day literature in Japan should be in a state of transition. In this respect it resembles the painting of those Japanese artists who have not yet succeeded in combining their native manner with the widely different characteristics of European or American painters. Transition is usually unsatisfactory; the loss is not yet compensated by the gain. During the past forty or fifty years, foreign influences have been creeping into the literature of Japan, till latterly the trickle has become a floodtide. At first the alien poetic voices that compelled a listening were those of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Longfellow,—and of Bryant also, whom the Japanese found remarkably to their liking. Then followed familiarity with Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne, to speak of English poets only; while Byron, who was not one of the earlier forces, has now won a position in Japan that he has to some extent forfeited in his own country. To get at the genuine native tone, the authentic voice of this people, we must not pay attention to the utterances influenced by these foreigners, which are necessarily largely imitative and alien. We have to revert to a period before the coming of foreign influence, just as in understanding the country's religious ideas we must alike ignore the teachings of Christianity and of Herbert Spencer; we have to return to the old forms, the primitive conventions that confined Japanese poetry of the past.

We find that the distinctive note of the older day is brevity. It abhorred wordiness, it shunned detailed description; it relied on hint and suggestion and half-spoken allusion. Japanese poems of what may be termed the classic ages were dainty triumphs of insinuation, tiny miniatures of impression. They lacked the sting, the clear-cut finish, of epigram; they were too brief to be termed lyrics; they nearly always meant more than they said. Yone Noguchi has referred to the "words, words, words" of western writers; and in so doing he decidedly touches a weak spot, a defect that too often vitiates our literature. Some of our greatest writers, we know well, would lose little if half their work was cut away and forgotten; in some cases they might even gain. There was nothing of this negligible accretion in the early Japanese

poet; to our way of thinking he rather said too little than too much. From the seventh to the fifteenth century the prevailing form was that known as the *Uta*, a verse-mould of five lines only, limited to thirty-one syllables, compared with which our sonnet seems rather a long poem. Yet in time even this form seemed too lengthy, too wordy, for the national genius, which craved still closer limits and more arduous exactions; and to meet the new need the *Hokku* form was devised, consisting of three lines only and limited to seventeen syllables. As time passed on, it is easy to see that such a form might become purely mechanical, an artificial craftsmanship, just as the rondeau and the sonnet itself may become mere academic exercises. Yet the Japanese had seized hold of a primary artistic truth: they knew that the thing suggested must always be greater than the thing expressed if it is to be great at all; they felt that the very concealments of art may be a revelation. "The very best poems," says Noguchi, "are left unwritten or sung in silence." Our highest thought, our deepest feelings, always fail to find their full expression; therein lies their stimulus and their charm. Outward utterance is at best a makeshift, a resort to what is material for the expressing of that which is spiritual. In defence of this truth the Japanese went to an extreme, by reason of which their literature has suffered; because, while it escapes the perils of loquacity, it misses also the highest flights of the lyrical, the spacious majesty of the epic, the rich coloring of mature description. Their poems are supreme in one direction only,—in the sphere of momentary suggestiveness; they are brief flights of song that have not time to soar high, tiny utterances that indicate more than they have opportunity to fulfil.

We may fairly contend that our own literature has the Japanese merit, and that it has much more. When we crave the Japanese style, we make brief excerpts from our poets, cutting out fragments of a few lines for the sake of this very quality of suggestion. But in so doing we know that we are not exhausting our resources; and we turn to the complete poems for a still fuller satisfaction. We cannot always be content with miniatures, however exquisite. The fragments do well for an odd moment, as something to take into our memories and store there; but this kind of thing does not serve for continuous reading. Japan has given the world nothing like the classic epics, or the less formal but more popular epics of the Teutons, the Scandinavians, the Slavs. It has produced nothing

that resembles the ballad-poetry of Great Britain, of Russia, of Servia and Bulgaria, and nothing like the "Kalevala" of the Finns. It has nothing to take the place of the Arthurian song-cycles and the Gaelic folk-tales.

But it must not be supposed that there are no long poems in Japanese literature. There is an ancient form known as the *Naga-uta*, unlimited in length, though even this rarely extended beyond thirty or forty lines. There is also an elaborately developed national drama, deriving from religious observances and employing a chorus very much after the fashion of the Greek. But we are dealing here with poetry, not dramatic production; and in poetry we must consider the *Uta* and the *Hokku* as the two distinctive Japanese modes of expression in days before racial conservatism had yielded to foreign influence. From a study of these tiny compositions we infer that the national temperament has not run to the deepest emotions of poetic feeling or at least of poetic passion: we find tender sentiment, graceful allusion, vivid natural touches, but not often the philosophy, the criticism of life, the thought "too deep for tears," which belong to our conceptions of the poetic. Poetry seems to have been left chiefly to the delicate sentimentalist, the sensitive craftsman in words, the dilettante. Buddhism and Chinese learning absorbed the more powerful minds of Japan; novel writing and the drama claimed others. Poetry was an alluring byway rather than the broad road of national thought and ideal. But in their kind some of these miniatures are perfect. It must be remembered that many of these lovely swallow-flights of song were produced at a time when Europe was distracted and defaced by such barbaric strife as that of which we are now seeing an unhappy relapse. European poetry of the sixth and seventh centuries is absolutely archaic in tone; but there is nothing archaic, nothing ancient, in the note of such an utterance as the following *Uta*:

When I have gone away,  
Though my dwelling-house should be  
Without its master,  
Plum-tree beside the caves,  
Do not forget the Spring.

The tone of regret, the "pathetic fallacy" of an appeal to the tree, are as fresh in this as in Tennyson. Here is another that is quite modern in its fancy:

The sky is a sea  
Where the cloud-billows rise,  
And the moon is a bark;  
It is oaring its way  
To the groves of the stars.

So far as its idea and expression go, this might have been written only yesterday. In English we have many cuckoo-songs, usually joyful; in Japan the bird's note, slightly differing from the cuckoo of Europe, is suggestive of melancholy and longing:

I would go to some land  
Where no cuckoos are;  
I am so sorrowful  
When I hear their note.

We think of Burns's appeal to the woodlark,—

For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,  
Or my poor heart is broken!

But Burns says more than does the Japanese poet; his sorrow is more outspoken. In these poems we must always seek for that which is not actually expressed; certainly we must do so with the following, which evidently indicates a love-tryst:

On the Spring moor I went forth  
To gather violets;  
Its charm so held me  
That I stayed till morn.

The next example belongs to a century or so later; it has all the quiet sadness that we regard as a modern note in our own literature:

What is it that makes me feel so desolate  
This evening while I wait  
For one who comes not?  
Can it be the breathing of the autumn wind?

Passing from the conciseness of the *Uta* to the still closer limits of the *Hokku*, we have such gems as the following,—of course losing much in the veil of translation from a language whose nature is utterly different from our own:

Thought I, the fallen flowers  
Are returning to their stems;  
But lo, they were butterflies!

As better illustrating the differences of language and the utter impossibility of adequate translation, here is the original of a most admired *Hokku*:

Asagawa ni  
Tsurube torarete  
Morai mizu.

Literally rendered, this is:

The well-bucket taken away  
By the morning-glory —  
Alas, water to beg!

We may well try to extract its definite meaning and feel dissatisfied. To fit it for western ears and understandings, Sir Edwin Arnold has translated it in seven lines:

The morning-glory  
Her leaves and bells has bound  
My bucket-handle round.  
I could not break the bands  
Of these soft hands.

The bucket and the well to her I left;  
"Let me some water for I come bereft."

We feel at once that this is a clumsy and unsatisfying version. Far better is the rendering by Miss Clara Walsh:

All round the rope a morning-glory elings;  
How can I break its beauty's dainty spell?  
I beg for water from a neighbor's well.

But the English has to express what the Japanese merely suggests. It takes thirty syllables to do what the original does in fifteen; and Yone Noguchi tells us that the literal translation is really far the most satisfactory. Here is another specimen, beautiful when we guess its significance:

The hunter of dragonflies  
Today how far away  
May he have gone!

It is a mother's lament for her dead boy. One more example, highly prized by the Japanese during many centuries, is this of the tired traveller reaching his inn, and suddenly charmed from his weariness—or perhaps touched by some emotion of remembrance—at sight of the clustering wistarias:

I come weary  
In search of an inn —  
Ah, those wistaria flowers!

What writer in English would be content with that? And yet how complete its suggestion! Perhaps nothing can better illustrate the charm of these short utterances. How lightly they touch a chord and then quit it, how they move us to quick transitory emotion like that caused by the perfume of a flower or a few twittered bird-notes! All the sensibility of the Japanese nature is held within them; it is not paraded or emphasized, but merely hinted at, almost diffidently and always gracefully. But we feel that the full character of the people is not thus expressed,—only transient moods, fleeting emotions of desire or memory. It is not thus that a nation can adequately embody its ideals, its ambitions, and its thoughts.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

A REVIVAL OF LEISURE FOR LITERATURE has, according to the London "Times," been one of the results of the war—so far as England is concerned, at least. In a surprisingly cheerful and optimistic discussion, the English Association some weeks ago persuaded itself that the present fearful conflict had promoted the cause of good literature and turned the minds of men to serious books, especially to lofty poetry and the profundities of philosophic history and much of that older and worthier literature that the piping times of peace



had caused the people to pass over in careless neglect. Commenting on all this, the "Times" finds four causes for the present alleged return to soberer ways. First, modern war is a slow and monotonous business, and the soldier has more time and more inclination for reading than ever before in all his life. Secondly, the modern army is very different from the old regular army: it is made up largely of men not unused to books and reading. Thirdly, the thousands of convalescents in military hospitals are calling for books to occupy their enforced leisure. And fourthly, the civilian population at home "have had much more money to spend than before and fewer ways of spending it. There were no longer any cheap tickets to tempt people to travel, and the dark streets made them disinclined to venture out again after they had once found their way home. The result was that the new quietness of the evenings and the Sundays provided a harvest for the booksellers." Thus, if these quoted observations are trustworthy, a time of unprecedented stress and strain has produced a revival of leisure for literature, and even the long-neglected Greek and Latin classics have shared in the benefits of this revival, the excellent Loeb edition of these old authors being in especial demand at present. Best of all, if it be not too good to be true, all signs point, to this optimistic observer, toward a post-bellum continuance of this admirable state of things in the world of books and reading.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOTE AT THE A. L. A. CONFERENCE this year was struck more than once. In fact, one might call it the dominant note, so far as there was such a note, in the symphony of address and lecture and discussion enjoyed by the thousand or more library workers and library well-wishers assembled at Asbury Park in the last week of June. On the programme were a number of papers dealing with some phase of democracy in its relation to literature or education or the distinctive work of the library, as, for instance, that by Mr. Robert Gilbert Welsh on "Democracy in the Modern Drama," and that by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse on "The New Poetry as an Expression of Democracy," and that also by Miss Mary Ogden White on "Democracy in Modern Fiction," and, finally, that by Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick on "How Democracy Educates Itself." Discussion, too, of "The Circulation Department in its Relation with the Public" was not without its democratic suggestions and implications; and the people's welfare came under consideration, as a matter of course, in Mr. Samuel H. Ranck's observations on "Ventilation and Heating of Library Buildings." Furthermore, to the large party visiting Princeton in the interval between two sessions of the convention, President Hibben addressed some remarks emphasizing the democratic character of the public library. Especially well said was the following: "At this time, when the whole world seems to be rushing on into an unknown future, you are holding fast to the great articles of the past. You are guarding the sources of knowledge. The library is to-day the only absolutely demo-

cratic institution that man possesses. If those things of the past did not matter we would close the doors of our libraries. If we would go forward we must take the past with us." That thus, throughout, the democratic note should have been sounded in the deliberations of those gathered in the interest of "the one absolutely democratic institution that man possesses" (possibly a slight exaggeration, but let it stand) calls for no other than approving comment.

THE HAUNTING LINE exerts upon the imagination a power that will never be explained any more than life itself, poetry, reality, charm, eternity, or any other of the great mysteries. It is in early life, before the analytic and reasoning faculty has developed, that the chance phrase or the musical combination of words or syllables is most likely to arrest the attention and fix itself lastingly in the memory; and, curiously enough, or naturally enough, the less clearly the words are understood and the vaguer the image they convey, the greater and more enduring the charm. It may be so simple a phrase as "locusts and wild honey," full of strange possibilities to the child's palate, that persists in haunting the mind; or perhaps he has chanced to hear the couplet from Prior,

A Rechabite poor Will must live,  
And drink of Adam's ale,

and in unquestioning ignorance of the meaning of "Adam's ale," still more of "Rechabite," he delights in repeating to himself the mysterious lines, with their rich potentialities of meaning. To be told that Adam's ale is nothing but water would have something of shock and cruel disillusion for the imaginative mind; and to have it explained that a Rechabite is a descendant of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, would be a weariness of the flesh. The line, "At midnight in his guarded tent," has in it delightful shudders and thrilling anticipations, if one hears it for the first time in tender years. These reminiscent reflections are in part prompted by a short article on "The Singing Phrase," in the closing pages of the July "Scribner," which will doubtless move many others to similar recollection of lines and phrases and single words that have meant more to them than they ever could explain to others.

THE MOST PROLIFIC OF WRITERS FOR BOYS, with the possible exception of some three or four penmen in the employ of dime-novel and nickel-novel publishing houses, would probably be found, on investigation, to be the late Edward S. Ellis, who died June 20, in his seventy-seventh year, with so many books to his credit that he professed himself unable to state their number. A publisher's announcement of a forthcoming new edition of Mr. Ellis's "renowned books for boys, comprising eighty-five titles," does not, it is safe to say, exaggerate the youngsters' indebtedness to the author of the almost innumerable series (the "Log Cabin," "Deerfoot," "Through-on-Time," "Bound to Win," "Forest and Prairie," etc.) that have held the breathless attention of tens of thousands



of boy readers. His facility and fertility were such as to make it inexpedient, from the publisher's viewpoint, that his rapid succession of stories should all bear his own name as author; hence the variety of pen-names (Col. H. R. Gordon, Lieut. R. H. Jayne, and others) that have tended to make appear less voluminous than it really is the product of his inexhaustible invention as a romancer for the young. His inspiration for this work was gained very largely, he was wont to declare, in the classroom, where he varied the tedium of recitation by telling stories to his pupils; and this experience may well have sharpened his keenness for the things that most unfailingly interest youthful readers.

. . .

BOOKS THAT KNOW NO SUMMER VACATION, and no vacation at any season, are the books that Colonel Roosevelt must have had in mind when, in "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," he advised vacationers to choose for reading "the same books one would read at home." Although it is known to machinists and physicists that even an inanimate mechanism needs a rest once in so often—that a razor or a locomotive or an automobile suffers from protracted and uninterrupted service to an extent out of proportion to the actual work performed—it is not known that a book undergoes any deterioration as to its contents by however long and uninterrupted a term of service in the hands of readers. Hence the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin" does well to urge the continuous use of the library's store of literature through all seasons of the year. The librarian himself (and herself) needs a summer vacation, and deserves one, but "an idle book represents idle capital, than which nothing short of destruction is more wasteful. Librarians sometimes complain that people will not read in summer. This is only in part true. Though they may read less, though they may read lighter literature, and though they may not come so often to the library, nevertheless people do read during the summer months. As the vacation season approaches it becomes well worth while to consider ways and means of keeping the books off the library shelves. Waive rules, break rules, or make new rules, but keep your books in the hands of those who will make use of them during the summer months." The late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell used to consider the summer vacation his best time for solid reading, and on leaving home for Bar Harbor in June he was in the habit of ordering a generous supply of substantial literature from the Philadelphia Library, of which, by the way, he was for many years a director, so that he enjoyed a practically unlimited freedom in availing himself of its resources for vacation use.

. . .

A PHILIPPINE MOVE FOR EFFICIENCY (a word not without its odious associations) is reported in the latest "Bulletin" to reach us from the Philippine Library. The movement is officially described in the wording of a legislative act passed in February by the law-making body of the islands, and entitled "An Act to authorize, in the interest

of the efficiency and uniformity of the public service, the consolidation of the Philippine Library, the Division of Archives, Patents, Copyrights, and Trade-Marks of the Executive Bureau, and the Law and Library Division of the Philippine Assembly, to form an organization to be known as 'Philippine Library and Museum,' under the administrative control of the Secretary of Public Instruction." Nine sections elaborate the details of this act, but no reader will quarrel with us for refraining from even the briefest quotation. Rather would we quote, if space permitted, some paragraphs from Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick's "Twixt Library and Museum," in this month's "Public Libraries." The functions of the two tend to overlap each other, but whether their combined usefulness may be increased by consolidation is still within the region of debate.

. . .

THEY WHO HAVE FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH in the vocation of letters can well afford to smile at the fatuous undertaking seriously entered upon, with the highest sanction, four centuries ago by the adventurous Ponce de Leon. An editorial note in this month's "Century" calls attention to the eminent authors, old in years but young in heart, whose pens are still active. Among these, not all of them authors exclusively or even primarily, are Mr. Howells, close upon eighty, whose current serial story shows him to be still inferior to none in vigor of style combined with nimbleness of wit and an unfailing quality of humor; Mrs. Amelia Barr, more than half-way between eighty and ninety, with three-score novels to her credit, and still writing; Mr. John Burroughs, a near-octogenarian and not yet past his prime (as readers of "Under the Apple-Trees" will agree); ex-President Eliot, vigorous and productive at eighty-two; Colonel Watterson, "a very Ty Cobb of editorial writers," as "The Century" calls him; Mr. Henry Mills Alden, almost coeval with the occupant of the "Easy Chair," and still one of the most alert of editors; and, to conclude as briefly as possible, Dr. Lyman Abbott of "The Outlook," Mr. William Hayes Ward of "The Independent," Mr. George W. Cable, and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. Truly the fountain that eluded the Spanish explorer must be the fountain-pen—which, with many, of course, translates itself into the typewriter. Ink, at any rate, is the rejuvenating liquid vainly sought by Ponce de Leon.

. . .

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STORY HOUR may or may not be really illuminative. Between those who exalt its actual and potential accomplishment of good, and those who belittle and even ridicule its part in library activity, the observer is often perplexed to know what to think of this systematic and determined attempt to take the youngsters by the hand and lead them through the winding lanes and stately avenues of the Land of Make-Believe. If story-telling arouses such interest in any given community as not only to gather crowded audiences when no admission fee is charged, but also to pack the house at a stated

price per seat, then story-telling must be a success in that place. Let the following from the Toronto Public Library's current Report tell its own story in regard to story-telling: "The work with the children, which showed such a remarkable increase last year, has shown even greater results, and we see new possibilities for the coming year. This department is decidedly aggressive in its methods, and no phase of public social service in this city has awakened such wide interest. The Story Hour, already popular, was given a decided help onwards by the series of lectures which the Children's Librarian arranged for during October and November, when Miss Marie Shedlock, of London, Eng., spoke to five delighted audiences on 'Story Telling.' Through the kindness of Victoria College we were given the use of the Chapel and all seats were sold out a week prior to the first lecture." But we are not told what proportion, if any, of these five delighted audiences was composed of juvenile listeners, or whether indeed Miss Shedlock told any stories or merely told how to tell them. On the latter assumption, however, by what magic did she hold the attention of these entranced hearers to the exposition of this branch of library work?

A NEW LYRIC FROM SAPPHO'S PEN, or stylus, or whatever writing implement the poetess of Mytilene chose to use, ought to arrest attention even in these frenzied times. The second piece of Sappho's verse discovered within two years has been deciphered and restored from the time-worn papyrus by Mr. J. M. Edmonds, of Jesus College, Cambridge, who thus translates it into beautiful prose: "Make stand beside me in a dream, great Hera, the beauteous shape that in answer to their prayer appeared unto the famous kings of Atreus' seed when they had made an end of the overthrow of Troy. At first when they put forth hither from Scamander's swift flood, they could not win home, but ere that could be, were fain to make prayer to thee and to mighty Zeus and to Thyone's lovely child. So now pray I, O Lady, that of thy grace I may do again, as of old, things pure and beautiful among the maids of Mytilene, whom I have so often taught to dance and sing upon thy days of festival; and even as Atreus' seed by grace of thee and thy fellow-gods did put out then from Ilium, so I beseech thee, gentle Hera, aid thou now this homeward voyage of mine."

A MAMMOTH WAR LIBRARY, one of the by-products of the great European conflict, has been amassed by Germany and is soon to have a building for its shelter and preservation, unless report is false. Publishers' trade lists show that, active as have been the presses in England and France in turning out war literature, the printers beyond the Rhine have been even busier. Publications dealing with the war from the German viewpoint are believed to equal in number the combined English and French product of a similar sort from an opposite point of view. At the end of last September such German works were estimated, or perhaps counted, by an English investigator,

who gave their total as 6,395, including maps, economic and legal dissertations, and even imaginative writings inspired by the war. At the present time this total has been raised to probably eight thousand or more, and is still growing. Is it, after all, a collection worthy of a special building, or is it rather a mass of printed evidence to be more and more ashamed of as time passes, international animosities subside, and enlightenment increases?

AN UNWORKED MINE OF WEALTH for writers and producers of plays seems now about to be made productive to its utmost capability. Recent expiration of copyright on some of Robert Louis Stevenson's romances throws them open to the army of playwrights always on the alert for promising material for their craft. Of course the Jekyll and Hyde play, brought out long ago, and to a less extent the dramatic version of "Treasure Island" are familiar to play-goers, who are likely before many years to become equally acquainted with stage representations of "The Wrecker" (now actually in process of dramatization at the hands of Mr. Granville Barker), of "St. Ives," "Prince Otto," "The Master of Ballantrae," the exhilarating escapades of David Balfour, "The Black Arrow," and sundry tales from "The Merry Men." Could the perpetuation of one's posthumous literary fame take a more gratifying form than that which carries with it the innocent entertainment of millions of theatre-goers, even though the greater part of that theatre-going be of the sort that fills the fat pockets of the managers of the "movies"?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VERSE AND PROSE is briefly and clearly explained in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's late collected lectures on "The Art of Writing." Discreetly avoiding "the term poetry, over which the critics have waged, and still are waging, a war that promises to be endless," the lecturer shows no hesitation in defining verse as "memorable speech set down in metre with strict rhythms," whereas "prose is memorable speech set down without constraint of metre and in rhythms both lax and various." In passing, it will be noted how admirably (except perhaps for the word "memorable") this definition of prose applies to the "free verse" which the preceding definition would coldly thrust out into the region of prose. After all is said that can be said on the peculiar quality that makes poetry or verse something different from prose, what better definition of poetry have we than that old one of Stedman's? He says, with first place given to the importance of rhythm, that "poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul."

POETIC INSPIRATION FROM JUTLAND, or from its adjacent waters, gave us, about a century ago, Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," and is more recently responsible for Mr. Louis Rasmakers's paraphrase of the Falstaffian speech ("King Henry IV," first part, act II, scene IV), "All!

I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish." The substitution of "the whole British fleet" for "fifty of them," with the addition of a cartoon representing a certain European monarch wearing an upturned moustache and flourishing a sword, makes the application plain. Side by side with this might be placed the poetic effusion ascribed to the German admiral whose late exploit off the coast of Jutland led to the supposed utterance above quoted. These lines, marked with the righteous severity we all like to display toward our own pet failings when observed in others, or thought to be so observed, run as follows:

Die Flotte schlug ihren Feind nicht faul,  
Doch längst nicht todt ist Englands Maul.

War's asperities, responsible for so much loss and suffering, must yet be credited with an occasional contribution to the gaiety of nations.

• • •

A "BROWSING ROOM" FOR BOOK-LOVERS, or for book-readers as distinguished from connoisseurs and collectors, is to be a comparatively novel feature of the quarter-million-dollar library building that will soon occupy the site of Hitchcock Hall at Amherst College. But it will not be quite so novel as the press reports would have us believe. Already at Smith College, across the river, they have a browsing room, if memory fails not, as the most inviting part of the library. It is the purpose of such a room to offer intellectual and spiritual refreshment free from all savor of educational utility. Amid these surroundings, if anywhere, one might put in practice the doctrine taught by the artist John Butler Yeats to his poet son,—"never when at school to think of the future or of any practical result." It was Mr. William Butler Yeats's father, too, who used to say to him: "When I was young, the definition of a gentleman was a man not wholly occupied in getting on." Not dissimilar in character to this shrine of the muses will be the Clyde Fitch memorial, a long and narrow apartment copied after the late dramatist's study and library in his New York home, and containing, as far as possible, the books and other equipment of that room. Mr. Fitch was graduated from Amherst in 1886, in the same class with our present Secretary of State and others who have earned distinction.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### WHAT IS A NOVEL?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the symposium recently reported by "The Bookman," the attempt to answer the somewhat baffling question, "What is a novel?" seems to me to leave the question more baffling than ever before. To our already inconsistent and unconvincing ideas of what a novel is, or may be, we now have added a large accretion of new and even more inconsistent ideas, which are certainly not less confusing by reason of the fact that they come from novelists themselves, and may therefore be supposed to be

weighted with the sacrosanct dignity that belongs to an *ex cathedra* utterance. It may be that in the midst of these contradictions the mere scientific observer, who has never written, and cannot write, a work of fiction, is able to detect the genus *novel* more clearly than the devotees of the art. The worshipper at a shrine can rarely judge the quality of his own religious doctrine; poets are notoriously bad critics of poetry; and everyone knows that the best theories of how to raise children have been written by bachelors. Such persons are free alike from the personal equation and from the distractions of actual productive artistic labor. They are mere observers, and as such are disinterested. The old objection to the critic, that he is usually unable to practice the art he criticizes, is inherently a foolish objection. The man who produces in an art is usually disqualified for criticizing, and *vice versa*. The artist needs one personal style; the critic must understand all styles. The artist must consider his creation for the time the supreme and central achievement of the world; the critic sees at the same moment all the similar achievements, and compares them.

What, then, to the scientific and impersonal critic, is a novel? To this question I venture to offer the answer of a mere observer, who has never written a novel, and could not write one. But first we may be permitted to rephrase the question, and ask: What is a good novel?

Professor Phelps's definition, "A good story well told," is of no use. For what is "a good story well told"? It is one of our ordinary novels. So there we are, exactly where we started. In the first place, then, a novel is essentially a story with a plot. A mere chronicle is not a novel. Even "Robinson Crusoe" and "Jean-Christophe" have plots of a sort, tenuous as they are. What, then, is plot? Here is the definition I suggest: Any plot is a state of unstable equilibrium in the lives of the characters, which state cannot persist but must progress at once to a solution. This is any plot. A good plot is such a state which is interesting.

There are some valuable analogies in the natural sciences. Take two such harmless substances as, say, oxygen and carbon. They are perfectly stable, and may remain so for untold eons. But bring them together and apply a light; there is then, if I may be pardoned the phrase, "something doing." And it keeps on "doing" until the chemical combination is complete, and everything is in a state of rest—that is, in a state of stability—once more. Is not this exactly analogous to the love story? Bring two souls into contact; there is emotional disturbance, which is obliged to produce some other outward disturbance until stability is restored by the union of souls, or by their permanent and stable separation. This analogue can be paralleled by almost any story that deals with the clash of motives or the disturbance of sentiments among men. Such a story may be a tale of hate or revenge, as well as of love.

For the story of adventure, also, an analogue in the natural sciences may be found. Lift a ball from the table and hurl it violently through space. It is brought into a state of unstable equilibrium,



and many things may happen before it comes to rest. Is this not, in a way, parallel with the familiar story of the young adventurer suddenly brought by a series of accidents into the company of a crew of pirates in the south seas. The tale does not turn upon conventional relationships between men, but largely upon physical accidents.

If we accept this definition of a story, we obtain with it a good definition of the term "solution" or *dénouement* as applied to a story. The "solution" is the readjustment to the new conditions, which restores to the disturbed lives a state of stable equilibrium. That means that stable equilibrium is restored so far as these events are concerned. If there are subsequent emotional or other disturbances, they constitute other and distinct stories.

This necessity for restoring equilibrium in life explains why it is so difficult to end a story. Human emotions rarely terminate dramatically, except in the case of death. And the death of one or more characters as the solution of a plot has become a bit worn out as a literary device. In old-fashioned fiction there was a myth to the effect that love affairs—at least among Anglo-Saxons—end with the acceptance of the gentleman's proposals. And most love stories blandly broke off there, without even a suspicion of the fact that that particular sort of emotion might harrow or amuse the world for a good many years more before finally coming to rest. To-day we are suspicious of the love story that ends in that fashion. It is too pat, too conventional, to be true.

The business story may have a good natural ending. When, for example, Mr. Wallingford has for the hundredth time got rich quick, his adventure ends with the banking of his profits and the boarding of the first train out of town. For him that story is definitely finished.

In most human developments, however, there is no such definite termination. Emotions die out by imperceptible changes, more worldly complications solve themselves little by little without dramatic points. The lady does not settle things once for all when she falls into the ecstatic lover's arms. The hero who is hard up for money does not invariably have an uncle in India who dies and leaves him a fortune at the end of the second hundred thousand words; nor is the lost will discovered in the nick of time; nor does the hitherto unknown identity of the hero—which was concealed when the wicked nurse mixed up the babies—suddenly come to light to provide him with fortune, the opportunity to marry his lady love, and possibly to acquire a title.

In real life, difficulties or complications, whether they be emotional or worldly, dissolve slowly. One day we are worried, perhaps desperately worried. Six months later we suddenly realize that we no longer care. We have forgotten the lady from whom the novelist would have kept us cruelly separated, our business troubles have disappeared, the bills have all been paid, the plans that seemed determined never to work are working like well-oiled machinery; and yet for the life of us we cannot quite tell when, how, or where these things happened. In the meantime, being human and

restless, we have probably got ourselves into fresh difficulties or fresh complications, which make fresh stories, that are neither part of the old story nor wholly distinct from it. And so life swings on through its series of interlocking short-stories, the only real terminus being the last. And that, after all, is not the end, since the first questions at our respective deaths will probably look to the future, and have to do with how much money we left, and what will become of the family,—all of which, of course, begins another interlocking story. Thackeray once carried a novel over parts of four generations. The modern novelist is more frank, and simply breaks off at some convenient climax, without really considering whether it be the true end of his story or not.

Nevertheless I maintain, in spite of these objections, that plots in life do have terminations of a sort. There is no grand chorus just before the curtain goes down. But there are terminations. Therefore plots have solutions. And therefore our definition of a good plot is valid, which means that our definition of a good novel is valid.

JAMES ROUTH.

Tulane University, July 2, 1916.

#### "MACBETH" NOVELIZED. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

An amused friend has just sent me a sort of "novelized" Macbeth,—not a straightforward telling of the mighty story, as Charles and "Bridget" retold the tales, but the sort of thing which might perhaps be called ambitious, were it not that it fell (of course) sadly short of all association and literary fact. One wonders that a year which should be held properly sacred to the tradition and recollections of Will of Stratford should be used as vehicle for this kind of thing.

Some years ago I remember receiving for review an attempt to improve upon "Paradise Lost,"—by a conscientious gentleman with the suggestive name of Mull. He as good as said in a naive preface that those mighty organ tones were sounding unheard above the heads of unpoetic worldlings, so he had thought to rewrite it all down to us. Which he did, in noticeably unmelodious prose.

We all know the short-cut-to-knowledge benefactor of the race who discovered that Chaucer, though he might be a great poet, clearly didn't know how to spell. It was he who begot the modernized rehash, abbreviated and expurgated, of the tales good Geoffrey told. After this came condensed versions of the Waverley novels, cut into lengths convenient to the casual reading of the tired business man, and any number of other curtailments and abridgments and what not else,—running all the way, in point of mere time, from the song of Roland to Motley's colorful "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

And now a novelized Shakespeare! One may possibly grant a claim of altruism; one certainly insists upon the adjective "misplaced." *Exempli gratia*, take this improvement upon the accustomed text. Lady Macbeth is awaiting the arrival of Duncan:

With hasty steps she began to pace up and down the room, whispering to herself, in broken exclamations — "Glamis thou art — and Cawdor. And shalt be what thou hast promised. Yet do I fear thy nature. It is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great — art not without ambition — and yet wouldst not dare to the utmost to attain it. What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou nobly. Wouldst not play false — and yet wouldst wrongly win. Ah! to what wasted opportunities will such weak-kneed procrastination win! Yet — were he here — were he here —." Pausing, the muser leaned her arm against the bare stonework of the embrasure, from which the oval orifice looked out over the low-lying marshes. And in the white curve of her elbow she rested her throbbing temples.

One imagines Hamlet's self making answer to this sort of thing: "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole?"

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia, July 3, 1916.

#### ON BEGGING THE QUESTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

At a local club meeting the other night a number of short papers were read on various aspects of the great phenomenon we call Shakespeare. One of the discussions, by a scholar in the field of Biblical literature, undertook to present the now trite and somewhat boring view that Shakespeare was a rake, a drunkard, and a lewd, coarse fellow with merely a bit of "imagination" which enabled him to dash off such little things as Portia's Plea for Mercy, Henry Fourth's apostrophe to England, or Wolsey's Farewell to Greatness. All the positive evidence, asserted the reader, was to this conclusion. There were "traditions" of his drinking, of an illegitimate son, of this, that, and the other (being a Biblical exegete, he was sweet on traditions); while there were no traditions to the positive virtues of the man, except our foolish and unfounded sentiment, as he termed it. He had evidently got his information about Shakespeare from concordances and encyclopædias and Sir Sidney Lee; so he was unaware of the psychologically sound, and historically affirmed, principle that "the evil that men do" or do not, "lives after them" while the good is usually "interred with their bones."

This person announced with some glee that we could not *prove* that Shakespeare had not died of excesses at the early age of fifty-two; therefore the probability was that he did. I asked him if this was his common principle of historical criticism, — to accept every scandalous story as true until it was proved false. And now, sir, comes the point of my letter. He answered with every appearance of triumph that I had resorted to a question-begging epithet, the epithet of "scandalous," and was therefore out of court. On several others of the company this cant phrase, "question-begging," acted as a wire to a marionette. They had learned in a course in Argumentation that uncomplimentary adjectives "beg the question." This terror of the epithet has become such a com-

mon fetish that I venture a protest to you on the subject.

What is it to beg the question — to assume as a premise the conclusion aimed at? Did I in my simple question, "Are we to accept every scandalous story as true until it is proved false?" beg the question? Not if the dictionary is to serve any useful purpose.

The Century Dictionary defines "scandal" as follows: "reproachful aspersion; defamatory speech or report; something uttered which is injurious to reputation; defamatory talk; malicious gossip." "Scandalous" itself is defined as either (1) "exciting reproach or reprobation," or (2) "opprobrious, disgraceful to reputation," or (3) "defamatory." I submit to you, sir, and to the readers of THE DIAL, that if the dictionary means anything to persons of education, the use I made of the word "scandalous" cannot beg any question. There is not a hint in any one of the definitions given (nor in the Standard Dictionary either) that scandal is regarded as either true or false. A scandal is a story injurious to reputation, which evidence may prove true or may prove false. If one assumes that it is a true story or that it is a false story, then he begs the question. I pointed this out to my opponent, — but the dictionary means nothing to one who can win a decision, satisfactorily to himself at least, by calling your language illogical. Are we to be bullied into giving up effective English words because there are persons who decline to understand them?

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

St. Paul, Minn., July 3, 1916.

#### UNIONIZED AUTHORSHIP.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I will ask the courtesy of your columns for a few words in regard to the proposed affiliation of the Authors' League of America with the American Federation of Labor.

It happens that I have had some personal experience in an affair of this sort, having been a member of the Butte Local of the Newswriters Union, holding a charter from the Typographical Union. At the time the Butte Local was formed, salaries ranged from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per week for reporters on daily papers. By a ruling of the Union, a minimum wage of \$27.50 for evening newspaper reporters and \$30.00 for morning newspaper reporters was established. One apprentice was allowed each office at \$15.00 per week. No reporter could join the Union unless he had been actively engaged in daily newspaper work for a period of three years. Thus a man who had worked for two years and who might be worth \$30.00 a week, must either work for \$15.00 as an apprentice (should there be a vacancy) or not work at all. The Union had no sooner been formed than all salaries were reduced to the minimum scale.

It was never necessary for the Newswriters to call upon the Typographical Union for help in any form, but the Typographical Union assessed the Newswriters for printers' strikes in various parts of the country.

There were, at that time, thirteen locals or "chapels" of Newswriters organized under charter from the Typographical Union. I do not believe there are so many to-day. Reporters and editorial workers soon found that under the Union they had everything to lose and nothing to gain, and that manual labor in the composing room was better paid under the Union scale than brain work.

A union of authors—magazine and book authors,—if such a thing were possible, would be even less advantageous to the individual writer. Since authors do not, as a rule, work upon salary, the only possible result would be a limitation of the writer's income and a curtailment of his liberty. No man could write his opinion upon public questions if he did not hold a Union card. The periodical press would be most effectively muzzled.

But what is of more importance to the Authors' League of America—because it is a more imminent danger—is the fact that an affiliation of this kind would most probably result in the disorganization of the League. As at present constituted, it is possible for the Authors' League of America to do a great deal to make conditions easier for authors. As a Union the League would not be strengthened, but instead weakened by the disaffection of hundreds of writers. The authors would soon find, as the Newswriters found, that the satisfaction of posing as laboring man and holding a Union card is not sufficient to overcome the disadvantages of a situation where, in the words of the once popular song, it is "all goin' out and nothin' comin' in."

ROBERT J. SHORES.

New York City, July 5, 1916.

#### PROBLEMS IN PUNCTUATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your very complimentary review of my work on punctuation (THE DIAL, June 22) you give an excellent illustration of how faulty punctuation affects the meaning of language, but you make what seems to me a peculiar comment upon the reason for the improper use of marks in your illustrative sentence. The following is your sentence: "Her costume was old-fashioned, grotesque, unbecoming, in short, positively hideous." You point out the erroneous relation, as implied by the punctuation, between what precedes and what follows "in short"; and you add; "Yet few writers would take the little trouble necessary to make this clear to the eye."

What is the "little trouble"? I take it to be that "few writers" see the true relation between the parts of the sentence, and therefore do not know how to indicate to the eye the real relation between the adjectives in the sentence. This relation, I think, is unmistakable. The writer of the sentence began a series of adjectives to describe a costume. After using three, he broke away (dashed off), and sought a word to summarize his thoughts, expressed and unexpressed. The change is properly shown by a dash,—just as it is shown when a series of details is begun, and the writer breaks off and summarizes by the word "all," followed by the verb that would have followed the completed series.

You say that I erroneously assign the year 1826 as the date of the first appearance of Wilson's work on punctuation. It seems to me you are hair-splitting in this statement. The preface to the twentieth edition of Wilson's work gives 1826 as the date when an edition of his book was first published. It is true that this edition was designed solely for printers, while 1844 was the date of the first edition of his "Treatise on Punctuation." As I did not name the foregoing title, it can hardly be said that my statement is erroneous.

W. L. KLEIN.

Minneapolis, Minn., July 1, 1916.

#### HOMER IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have a fellow feeling for Mr. Bayard Quincy Morgan, who writes in your issue of June 8 about "Homer in English Hexameters." Some years ago, when I was teaching Homer, I felt just as he does. I collected specimens of English translations, and wrote out some thoughts on translating Homer. And I translated enough of the "Iliad" to make a little pamphlet to show what I could do; for I am not satisfied with discussion—I want to work out my ideas, just as Mr. Morgan does. As he suggests, discussion will never prove that Homer can be translated into good English hexameter poetry. The thing must be actually done. And when it is done, discussion is needless. The great essential, it seems to me, is to attain a natural English style, free from bookish diction, straightforward, masterly yet unpretending in its simplicity, musical and poetical.

Mr. Morgan asks if others have attempted a hexameter version. Mr. Prentiss Cummings has published such a translation, though I am not acquainted with it. The "New York Evening Post" of January 21, 1911, contained a letter by Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor of San Francisco, giving a list of English translations of Homer, including four hexameter versions. Indeed, we might possibly start a "Homer Hexameter Society"!

CHARLES D. PLATT.

Dover, N. J., June 26, 1916.

#### A REVIEWER'S CORRECTIONS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

To my great chagrin I notice to-day (!) that owing to my dislike for Shakespeare's bloody tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," I very absurdly substituted the name "Troilus and Cressida" for the former play in my review of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" (THE DIAL, June 8, p. 540). Incidentally I shall also take advantage of your courtesy to correct three other errors. Professor Graves's initials are T. S., not F. S.; the line reference to "As You Like It," Act III, Scene 2, should be "333," not "233"; and the sentence (p. 539) about Shakespeare's eternized friend should read: "That passion was a forbidden attachment to an effeminate, handsome, accomplished, young man—the typical homo-psychic 'love-object.'"

S. A. TANNENBAUM.

New York City, July 3, 1916.



### The New Books.

#### THE EUROPE OF TO-MORROW.\*

Posing as a prophet, Mr. Wells desires not merely to anticipate certain developments, but also to aid in bringing them about. To a superficial observer, the opinion of the individual, even of such a talented individual as Mr. Wells, seems worthless in the presence of the mighty forces of the war. What do these governments, or these armies, care for dreamers? Military problems must be settled in military ways, and if the Lord is on the side of the biggest battalions, no heaven-sent decision regarding the ethics of the contest is implied. Even Mr. Wells becomes cynical over the peace movement, and the impotence of benevolent opinion.

Nearly all of us want a world peace—in a amateurish sort of way. But there is no specific person or persons to whom one can look for the initiatives. The world is a supersaturated solution of the will-for-peace, and there is nothing for it to crystallize upon. There is no one in all the world who is responsible for the understanding and overcoming of the difficulties involved. There are many more people, and there is much more intelligence concentrated upon the manufacture of cigarettes or hairpins than there is upon the establishment of a permanent world peace. This characteristically exaggerated passage accurately conveys the helpless feeling of the man in the crowd, who cannot make his will effective, and does not realize that the trouble is largely with himself,—he does not clearly know what he wants. The cynicism and ridicule of Mr. Wells is intended only to show him how incompetent he is,—to wake him up, and make him receptive to definite and positive proposals. The supersaturated solution of good-will is to crystallize, at least in part, around the book before us. One of the best chapters, "The Outlook for the Germans," describes the essence of the difficulty so clearly that we hope it may have some effect even on Germans who chance to read it.

There can be no doubt that the British intelligence has grasped and kept its hold upon the real issue of this war with an unprecedented clarity. At the outset there came declarations from nearly every type of British opinion that this war was a war against the Hohenzollern militarist idea, against Prussianism and not against Germany. In that respect Britain has documented herself up to the hilt. There have been, of course, a number of passionate outcries and wild accusations against Germans, as a race, during the course of the struggle; but to this day opinion is steadfast, not only in Britain, but if I may judge from the papers I read and the talk I hear, throughout the whole English-speaking community, that this is a war not of races but ideas. I am so certain of this that I would say if Germany by some swift con-

vulsion expelled her dynasty and turned herself into a republic, it would be impossible for the British Government to continue the war for long, whether it wanted to do so or not. The forces in favor of reconciliation would be too strong.

In this connection it is well to note an "Appeal for Coöperation towards Lasting Peace," recently circulated by Dr. David S. Jordan on behalf of another whose name is not given. It is issued in the name of citizens of the United States who were themselves or their immediate ancestors born in one of the countries now at war, and is therefore the first definite attempt of persons of these different nationalities to get together on a common platform. It has been very largely signed, but unfortunately its terms are so ambiguous that it cannot be said to represent a true solution of the issues contested. It asks for an immediate and lasting peace, "based on the principles of international justice and not dependent on the fortunes of war," and urges that the United States should throw its whole weight in this direction. With this proposal we must of course sympathize, but we are in accord with Mr. Wells in believing that it is necessary frankly to define the issues, and conceal none of the planks of the platform on which men of all nations may ultimately meet. Germans, French, and English must work together with a common purpose for a common end, but let us be honest about it:

Let us build no false hopes nor pretend to any false generosity. These hatreds can die out only in one way: by the passing of a generation, by the dying out of the wounded and the wronged. Our business, our unsentimental business, is to set about establishing such conditions that they will so die out. And that is the business of the sane Germans too. Behind the barriers this war will have set up between Germany and anti-Germany, the intelligent men in either camp must prepare the ultimate peace they will never enjoy, must work for the days when their sons at least may meet as they themselves can never meet, without accusation or resentment, upon the common business of the World Peace. That is not to be done by any conscientious sentimentalities, any slobbering denials of unforgettable injuries. We want no Pro-German Leagues any more than we want Anti-German Leagues. We want patience—and silence.

American citizens of German or English origin will not forget these things because they are politically aloof, but it should be much easier for them to work together than for their relatives in Europe. Becoming American, they have already adopted a platform and a system of ideas which, if applied to Europe, would remove the causes of the war. They have not themselves, with rare exceptions, had any part in the conflict. European enough to care, American enough to have democratic ideals, they should be able to stand together for a radical solution of Europe's troubles. At the same time, if they

\* WHAT IS COMING? A European Forecast. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

are sincere, they will face the problems as they exist, instead of evading them for the sake of a fictitious harmony.

Mr. Wells's chapter on "What the War Is Doing for Women" shows how the necessities of the nations have entirely changed the position of women, who have shown themselves capable of doing the most varied and difficult work, and have faced dangerous or disagreeable tasks with equal courage and equanimity. "There can be no question that the behavior of the great mass of women in Great Britain has not simply exceeded expectation but hope." After the war, it will be impossible to restore the ancient conventions, and the emancipation of women will be taken as a matter of course. Says Mr. Wells:

Those women have won the vote. Not the most frantic outbursts of militancy after this war can prevent them getting it. The girls who have faced death and wounds gallantly in our cordite factories—there is a not inconsiderable list of dead and wounded from those places—have killed for ever the poor argument that women should not vote because they had no military value. Indeed they have killed every argument against their subjection. . . . It is not simply that the British women have so bountifully produced intelligence and industry; that does not begin their record. They have been willing to go dowdy. The mass of women in Great Britain are wearing the clothes of 1914. In 1913 every girl and woman one saw in the streets of London had an air of doing her best to keep in the fashion. Now they are for the most part as carelessly dressed as a busy business man or a clever young student might have been. They are none the less pretty for that, and far more beautiful. But the fashions have floated away to absurdity. . . . It is in America if anywhere that the holy fires of smartness and the fashion will be kept alive.

The chapter on the United States emphasizes the necessity for the development of intelligent opinion in this country, something really dynamic and helpful.

The great political conceptions that are needed to establish the peace of the world must become the common property of the mass of intelligent adults if they are to hold against the political scoundrel, the royal adventurer, the forensic exploiter, the enemies and scatterers of mankind. The French, Americans and English have to realize this necessity; they have to state a common will and they have to make their possession by that will understood by the Russian people. Beyond that there lies the still greater task of making some common system of understandings with the intellectual masses of China and India. At present, with three of these four great powers enormously preoccupied with actual warfare, there is an opportunity for guiding expression on the part of America such as may never occur again.

As Mr. Wells notes, America has advanced a long distance from her earlier position of self-satisfied isolation, but she has still much to learn. It is still to be decided whether we shall chiefly appear to Europe as a jealous and potentially hostile competitor, or as a leader in the movement for the peace and progress

of the world. If it is to be the latter, it will be because those of the larger vision have exerted themselves to the utmost to bring it about. In the contest of feeling and opinion which now stirs the country, much depends upon the clear formulation of issues, which party politicians and newspapers are doing their best to befog. The reformer will therefore welcome Mr. Wells's new book, whether he agree with all of it or not, as an important aid to clarity of thought.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### VARIOUS CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.\*

Setting out once more, imaginatively and with printed page to serve the office of magic carpet, for the beckoning mountains and waving woods and murmuring streams, we begin our ramble with Mr. Emerson Hough's "Let Us Go Afield," collected chapters from the pen of an enthusiastic amateur of angling and bear-hunting and camping and other healthful pastimes that take one forth into the boundless open. To go bodily with Mr. Hough into that open, or to follow in his footsteps, would be impossible for most of us, since he pushes his excursions as far afield as the borders of Mexico and the remotest regions of Alaska—even to Kodiak Island, "the last and most abandoned of our national possessions." To accompany him in imagination is a diversion already esteemed at its proper value by his readers. From these brisk and practical chapters on camping and hunting and fishing we quote a typical passage. Evidently the writer, if he is a sentimentalist, does not pose as one.

Taking life just as it has come to me from the outside, I confess that I personally have never seen the wild animals fashionable in the New Thought; and I have never hesitated to go hunting, when I got the chance, with a rifle, and not a notebook, in hand. I have never met a soulful wolverene, have never encountered a magazine lynx, and never run across a Sunday newspaper wolf in all my simple, uneventful life. I have seen pictures of wild animals in the magazines which gave me cold shivers; but, without pride or shame, I can say that in a fairly broad experience with big game I never met a wild animal

\*LET US GO AFIELD. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE HILLS OF HINGHAM. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE. By Rosalind Richards. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE LATCHSTRING TO MAINE WOODS AND WATERS. By Walter Emerson. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ALONG NEW ENGLAND ROADS. By W. C. Prime, LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

RAMBLES OF A CANADIAN NATURALIST. By S. T. Wood. Illustrated. New York: E. F. Dutton & Co.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREES. By John Burroughs. With portrait. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

which gave me any shivers at all. I believe this is the experience of most big-game hunters.

In first planning his book, "The Hills of Hingham," Professor Sharp had intended it "to set forth some features of the Earth that make it to be preferred to Heaven as a place of present abode, and to note in detail the peculiar attractions of Hingham over Boston." But then came the war, and the gates of Hell swung wide open, so that Heaven began to seem the better place; and lesser local troubles multiplied, such as drouth, caterpillars, rheumatism, increase in commutation rates, and more themes to correct than could comfortably be carried back and forth between Hingham and Boston. Thus the character of the book changed in the making, and practical questions crowded to the fore as the writer elaborated his chapters on and from the Hingham hills. Mullein Hill, the author's place of abode, is the particular elevation that figures in the book as prominently as the low-lying hills of Plymouth County can figure; and the practical problems of Mullein Hill do not lessen the readability of the series of chapters which there had their genesis. After humorous reference to the professor in the small college of Slimsalaryville who confessed himself obliged to wear long hair and let his wife do the washing in order that they might have bread and "The Eugenic Review," the author continues:

To walk humbly with the hens, that's the thing—after the classes are dismissed and the office closed. To get out of the city, away from books, and theories, and students, and patients, and clients, and customers—back to real things, simple, restful, healthful things for body and soul, homely domestic things that lay eggs at 70 cents per dozen, and make butter at \$2.25 the 5-pound box! As for me, this does "help immensely," affording me all necessary hair-cuts (I don't want the "Eugenic Review"), and allowing Her to send the family washing (except the flannels) to the laundry.

But let it not be supposed that the homely domesticities monopolize the pages of this true lover of nature as well as of naturalness. Though he writes about "spring plowing" and "mere beans" and "a pair of pigs," he writes as a poet, not as a ploughman.

Daughter of the author of "Captain January," and granddaughter of the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Miss Rosalind Richards helps to perpetuate in the third generation the literary renown of her family by offering to lovers of rural literature "A Northern Countryside." With a map of New England before one, and Mrs. Howe's biography within reach, it is not difficult to spell the word Maine in the veiled allusions and changed names that abound in this agreeable description of a region and people un-

mistakably Yankee in character and rich in the qualities with which our "down-East" parents and grandparents (if we are fortunate enough to number any such in our pedigree) have made us familiar from infancy. Retired sea-captains do their part also to fix the locality referred to as Watson's Hill, perhaps, or Weir's Mills, or the Upper Ponds. Miss Richards has thought best, in her kind regard for possible sensitiveness, to disguise both family and geographical names, and there is no danger of her book's breeding any such rancor as followed the appearance of "Cape Cod Folks" and nobody knows how many other too cleverly realistic pictures of country life. Her chapters show a kindly affection for unurbanized human nature and an artist's appreciation of inanimate nature.

Openly and exultantly Mr. Walter Emerson sings the praises of the Pine Tree State in his profusely illustrated book, "The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters." The precarious calling of politics, he tells us, has taken him many times to all parts of Maine, and, he humorously adds, "since the average common sense of all the people, as Mr. Reed used to call it, can always be trusted to express itself at the polls, I have invariably had time after election, not only to consider how it all happened, but to appreciate what I had seen." And what he had seen convinced him that Maine has not yet won from the world the appreciation that is her due. She is still in the making, her possibilities remain to be developed, and the latchstring hangs hospitably out for all who would enter her fair domain and delve in her mines of health and wealth. Description and panegyric, anecdote and quotation, reminiscence and regretful note of wasted resources, mingle in readable fashion throughout the book, of which the following is a representative passage:

The primitive pines! Alas, they are going. And on many a Maine hill, where flourisheth the portable sawmill, deadly, unpoetic, and commercial, they sough no more. But there is, and for many generations will be, a wealth of spruce of many varieties, with frequent white and gray and yellow birches to relieve what otherwise might be an evergreen monotony.

And so, for the present, we dismiss what might perhaps now, as Mr. John Burroughs suggests, better be called the Birch Tree State than the Pine Tree State.

In its new and attractive cover, Dr. William C. Prime's fourteen-year-old book, "Along New England Roads," suitably swells the number of volumes now appearing in the field of what we have for convenience styled rural literature. The author has been dead more than eleven years, but that is no reason why his book should not enjoy a green old age.



Such themes as sweet-scented fern, an angler's August day, views from a hill-top in Southern Vermont, and hints for carriage travel are never out of date — unless, unfortunately, it be the last. The chapter on non-resistance strikes a note undesignedly timely at this moment, though having nothing to do with trench warfare or Zeppelin outrages. The book's few but pleasing woodcuts help to establish its maturity of years, which its publishers refrain from alluding to except in small print on the reverse of the title-page.

"Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by Mr. S. T. Wood, has striking attributes both in text and illustrations. Gently humorous and at times piquant in style, it entertains while it instructs; and the delicately and truthfully colored illustrations by Mr. Robert Holmes, with decorative headings by students of the Ontario College of Art, add to one's enjoyment of the book. Here is a rather good passage on the night-hawk:

This bird has a mouth that may be called ridiculous, and his little, insignificant beak is but the handle to it. When darting at insects he opens his mouth and conceals himself behind it. Truly it is a mouth to wonder at. If you undertake to open the diminutive beak you will fancy that the bird has been cut in two horizontally. The Eel Fly or Mosquito which sees that mouth approaching never lives to hum the tale. It may be that the Night-hawk is ashamed of the cavernous receptacle with which he has been endowed, for he feeds at higher levels during early evening, and does not descend till night draws her sheltering mantle about his hideous disfigurement.

The place of honor in this brief survey of a few of the season's outdoor books shall be given to Mr. John Burroughs's "Under the Apple-Trees," which combines in the writer's well-known genial fashion both natural history and philosophy, with a predominance of the former. But in a sense it is all natural history. "We live in a wonderful world," says Mr. Burroughs, "and the wonders of the world without us are matched by the wonders of the world within us. This interior world has its natural history also, and to observe and record any of its facts and incidents, or trace any of its natural processes, is well worthy of our best moments." Hence we here have from his pen chapters on the various forms of life observed in an apple orchard, on the ancient problem of fate and free will, on Dame Nature and her children, on the Bergsonian philosophy once more, on the friendly rocks, and on the primal mind, with various other themes belonging either to science or philosophy, or to the border-land between the two. By no means unanimous will be the assent to what, in a vein of self-depreciation and gentle humor, is thus expressed in the preface to these richly sug-

gestive and richly remunerative essays: "While writing my more philosophical dissertations, my mind often turns longingly toward the simple outdoor subjects which have engaged me so many years, and doubtless the mind of my reader does also when he peruses them."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### CAN SOCIALISTS STILL BE CHRISTIANS?\*

One of the pathetic phenomena of the latter half of the nineteenth century was the bickering between Science and Religion. One of the most regrettable of human facts was the array of foolish opinion and argument advanced by great men in both camps while it was still the fashion to reconcile the two fields. But Humanity does not quickly or easily drop the rudimentary organs which have functioned, however, poorly, in the past. The vermiform appendix survives after a hundred thousand years and a million cutting arguments against its human utility; and in no unlike manner does the old quarrel, bequeathed by Science to Socialism, continue to prevail against "reason and the Will of God." Science and Religion could not agree because they were essentially unlike; Socialism and Religion, more foolishly in the family fashion, quarrel because apparently they are so nearly alike in aim and ideal. Because the first Socialists (that is, the first scientific Socialists), being radically minded, were Darwinians, and because many of them were atheists and many were materialists, (just as many were devout vegetarians and Baconians; to use Mr. Spargo's illustration), the tradition became established that Socialism is essentially what the Socialists of Marx's time generally were. And this tradition has remained even more impervious to moderation than the more famous one in regard to the irreconcilability of Science and Religion.

The task Mr. Spargo has set himself in his book, "Marxian Socialism and Religion," is "a careful examination of the relation of the Marxian theories to the fundamental principles of religion." The task itself is a needed one, despite many previous half-hearted attempts in the same general direction; and the author is with little question the best man in America for the work, as the profound impression made a few years ago by his lecture on "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism" attests. The results of Mr. Spargo's new book will not be final,

\* MARXIAN SOCIALISM AND RELIGION. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

unhappily, but they can not fail to be commensurate with the effort.

After consideration of a large number of fairly representative definitions of religion, the following composite is offered: "Man's belief in and worship of a supreme purposive Power (or powers) called God (or gods), and the regulation of his life according to what he believes to be the pleasure or desire, or the commands, of the God (or gods) worshipped." Then the two theories which represent the essentials of Marxism are stated. "The first of these theories is sociological, offering an explanation of the evolution of society; the second is economic, offering an explanation of the mechanism of capitalist society. The first is the well-known materialistic conception of history; the second is the theory of surplus value." It is not the purpose of the author to pass judgment upon these theories (though his readers will be inclined to), but merely to inquire if the "doctrines themselves, or any of their necessary implications, conflict with the essentials of religion."

The most valuable single feature of this book is its review of the first Marxian theory, to which great violence has been done. The terms of its statement have themselves been most unfortunate: "materialistic conception of history" and "economic determinism" are not tactful avenues of approach for tender minds. Though Marx at no time fully developed this famous doctrine which underlies all his philosophy, leaving it thereby open to much misinterpretation, he did in "Das Kapital" sharply distinguish between historical materialism and the abstract materialism of natural science. The former, stated in its simplest terms, is merely this: "Methods of production, distribution, and exchange, . . . together with such physical factors as race, climate, geographical position, and fertility of soil, constitute the economic environment which is the predominant factor in social evolution." Engels, the co-worker of Marx, in many passages contends against the narrow interpretation put by neo-Marxian friends and enemies alike upon his theory. In a notable passage from "Der Sozialistische Akademiker," quoted by Mr. Spargo from Seligman, Engels wrote: "The economic factor is the basis, but the various elements of the superstructure—the political forms of the class contests, and their results, the constitutions—the legal forms, and also the reflexes of these actual contests in the brains of the participants, the political, legal, philosophical theories, the religious views . . . all these exert an influence on the develop-

ment of the historical struggles, and in many instances determine their form." So far was Marx from regarding this theory as antagonistic to religion that he announced that only by means of it could the scriptures be properly interpreted,—a view concurred in by higher criticism.

The theory of class conflicts, part and parcel of historic materialism, and so bitterly assailed as un-Christian, appears in Mr. Spargo's view as thoroughly moral, in that it merely recognizes a condition actually existing, and substitutes principles for personalities, attacking a system rather than individuals. In summary of this first Marxian principle, Mr. Spargo says: "The Marxian theory of historic materialism has nothing to do with those ultimate problems which lie beyond the realms of science and belong peculiarly to the realm of philosophy and religion. . . . It does not deny that other than material and economic factors, particularly ethics and religion, exert direct and independent influence upon the rate, manner and direction of the social evolutionary process."

The second fundamental principle of Marx, the theory of surplus value, needs no argument to prove that it is not essentially opposed to religion, except perhaps for those who interpret the idea of rendering unto Cæsar as a divine injunction to give Cæsar and his minions all the things they have enjoyed in the past without question of social justice or expediency.

Many open-minded critics of Socialism will no doubt be ready to admit with Mr. Spargo that in theory Marx does not directly question the validity of religion,—he simply does not occupy common ground; they will be glad to find Mr. Spargo believing that to the economic appeal must be added the ethical appeal; but they will feel that the real issue against present-day Socialism has not been met. It matters little what Marx and Engels said; it matters much what Socialists now think and do. Some Socialist lecturers openly announce that since everywhere they find organized religion opposed to Socialism they are going to strike at the root of the tree by attacking Christianity. So they begin by preaching Rationalism. These are the foolish friends, the real enemies, of Socialism, for they are doing their best to discredit the movement with truth-seeking people. Though Mr. Spargo does not directly discuss the foolishly mixed programme of these propagandists, he does show exhaustively that every important body of Socialists in the world has done its best to set itself straight by announce-

ing that it does not presume to dictate in the field of religious conviction. The movement is not interested in another world; its workers may have, as they do have, the same multiplicity of religious opinion and faith that obtains in the world at large.

The author ends with a fine plea for better understanding and more enlightened coöperation between these two great uplifting forces in the world. "Until the Socialist State is reached, religion will be subject to the cruel limitations and restrictions inseparable from an economic system fundamentally unethical and anti-religious. . . . The Golden Rule of Jesus will be crushed by the rule of gold.

. . . In a real sense, then, Socialism is the emancipator of religion. What matters it that many Socialists with their lips deny God, if with their lives they serve Him and do His will?"

The body of Socialists of Mr. Spargo's persuasion is growing daily. They are not all in good party standing. Some of them believe the party rule tyrannical, and in certain respects the antithesis of democracy. Some of them believe that Individualism is not and must not be divorced from Socialism. Some of them demand that the ethical be given a place in the movement as high as its importance justifies, seeing that in the mobilization of all man's noblest impulses religion can in no wise be neglected. But all of them find in Socialism the live ethic of religion. The Church can thunder its commandment to "Love God," which is comparatively easy; but it will require the simple mechanism of Socialism to fulfil the more difficult injunction to "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

#### AMERICAN SPEECH AND SPEAKERS.\*

West of New York City a variety of English is spoken by the commonalty, through the northern States of the Union to the Pacific Ocean, a variety which is not of distinction enough to constitute a dialect and afford itself a literature, but is still far enough from standard English to enable the world at large to say of those using it: "What bad English theirs is! They must be Americans."

It is not the English spoken in England or Canada or Australia by good speakers; it is not the English spoken by "the upper classes in our large cities"; it is not the English of New England or the southern States, where there are fewer foreign influences; it is not

the English of any known dictionary of the language; and it is not the English of Irving and Bryant, Whittier and Holmes, Lowell and Longfellow, Hawthorne and Dana, Poe and Lanier, Emerson and Thoreau, Hovey and Moody, Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Howells, Charlotte Cushman and Ada Rehan, Booth and Barrett, Mansfield and Mr. Drew, Miss Anderson and Miss Marlowe, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Sothorn, Webster and Choate, Randolph and Calhoun, Mr. Olney and Mr. Root, President Wilson and Mr. Lansing, Prescott and Parkman, Motley and Bancroft. But by accident of birth and environment it is the English of Mr. Calvin L. Lewis, professor of English in Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., and he has embalmed it in "A Handbook of American Speech" that American teachers may teach it and the United States thus continue to be the one place in the world where the abode of those who speak English betrays itself by the poorness of their speech.

The peculiarities of this English, coupled with professorial preferences of the author, disclose themselves in his work, and are to be attributed to either an original British dialect, archaisms held against living speech, foreign influences, slovenliness, affectation and over-precision, or two or more of these in combination. Without going into tedious and difficult analysis, it may be noted that Mr. Lewis has identified in his list of "primary vowel sounds" the sounds of *a* in "father" and *a* in "boa" and *o* in "spot," of *a* in "bare" and *a* in "glass" and *a* in "ban," of "her" (emphatic) and "her" (unstressed), respectively; and he announces that *a* in "fate" and *o* in "blow" are primary sounds. No dictionary authorizes such a departure from standard English, with the possible exception of a sound or two here and there; by any consensus they are condemned. Why, then, are they foisted upon American youth?

The reason may possibly be found on pages 38 and 39 of the book, in a discussion of what Mr. Lewis calls either "terminal *r*" or "*r* which occurs in the middle of a word"; but which should be stated as "*r* before a consonant or mute *e*." Here he commits himself to such observations as these: "While it is true that most English people neglect or altogether omit the final *r*, and many Americans, particularly those of the upper classes in our large cities, contrive to forget it, it is nevertheless true that the vast majority of the educated men and women in America who are simple and unaffected do retain a distinct trace of the terminal *r*. . . . The lack of an *r* is felt by many to be an affectation."

\* A HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN SPEECH. By Calvin L. Lewis. A.M. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.



Questions demanding answer from one capable of such statements are many. Why should Mr. Lewis teach what by his own admission is middle or lower class or rustic? Why ignore the mother country? Why ignore New England and the Southern States? Why the sneer in "contrive to forget it"? Why speak of "the vast majority of the educated men and women" when it is manifest that their education and cultivation do not extend to their pronunciation? How can rustic or middle class speech look upon itself as "simple and unaffected" when, if it persist before a better example, it becomes that worst of affectations, the affectation of unaffectedness and simplicity, as here? And how can a mode of pronunciation having the authority in America of the names we have cited be held an "affectation" except through ignorance?

The proper use of the fork is regarded by some persons as an affectation. So are good manners by the underbred. So are tooth-brushes and daily baths by many. So, "somewhere east of Suez," are the Ten Commandments. There is, it may be admitted, a democratic prejudice against any mode of speech that differentiates one from one's countrymen, especially when it savors of wider travel and more exclusive associations. But why should Mr. Lewis lend himself to the word "affectation" in the premises? Many of us hold that democracy's function is not to pull down the superior but to elevate the inferior. Why should he take a contrary position and seek to teach Americans an English poorer than the best? He nowhere ventures to assert that the English spoken by nearly every person illustrious in American letters, drama, statecraft, and oratory is not a better English than his own, but he does venture upon a covert sneer thereat.

Note that the word "educated" in this connection begs the whole question. There is no doubt that "the vast majority" of American educational institutions pay worse than no attention to English speech. There is no doubt that their student bodies generally speak an English branded as bad by those better informed and made none the better by their habitual ridicule of good speech. There is no doubt whatever — and here's the pity — that their faculties, recruited from such student bodies, set bad examples. How, then, can "education" in such institutions carry the slightest authority in a field they confessedly neglect and have always neglected, as the preface to Mr. Lewis's book implies? And how is such instruction as his book

affords, laden with inaccuracies as it is, going to better conditions?

Why not face the facts? Two important bodies in the United States do pay the special attention to English speech which Mr. Lewis and his fellow-teachers have so ignored — the American stage and American society, both at their best. There are also a few schools and colleges where every student is exposed to good English from the mouths of their faculties and most of their pupils, whether he study it or not. Why not go to these accredited sources for authority, now that the schools are taking up the subject with untrained and ignorant instructors, as Mr. Lewis says?

WALLACE RICE.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

Our present sheaf is wholly of American poems, and may be appropriately begun with Mr. Sterling's odes on the two wonders, God-made and man-made, which California showed to the world in 1915,—the Yosemite Valley and the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In both cases Mr. Sterling is disposed to find the chief significance of his theme in the hope of human brotherhood, and this, very naturally, is rather easier to relate to the Exposition than to the Yosemite. In the latter instance he leaps rather wilfully, as Shelley often did, from sensuous to social ideals.

The mountain walls send up  
Their eagles on the morning, ere the gleam  
Of the great day-star fall on wood and stream;  
From south to north  
What golden wings, what argent feet go forth  
On heaven and radiant snows!  
What archangelic flights  
Of seraphim from everlasting heights,—

\* YOSEMITE. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

ODE ON THE OPENING OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

THE PILGRIM KINGS. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Co.

POEMS. By Dana Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

DREAMS AND DUST. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SAPPHO IN LEVKAS, and Other Poems. By William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE MIDDLE MILES, and Other Poems. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co.

THE JEW TO JESUS, and Other Poems. By Florence Kiper Frank. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE WHITE MESSENGER, and Other War Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

ITALY IN ARMS, and Other Poems. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND, and Other Poems. By Helen Gray Cone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

SONGS AND SATIRES. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co.

— AND OTHER POEMS. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

From citadeis colossal, where the song  
Of giant winds is strong,  
And, washed in timeless fire, the granite glows  
With silver and unutterable rose!

O vaster Dawn, ascendant and sublime,  
That past the peaks of Time  
And midnight stars' array,  
Dost bear the magnitude of skies to be,  
What hopes go forth to thee!  
O glad, unrisen Day!  
The soul, an eagle from its eyrie yearning,  
Goes up against the splendor and the burning—  
Goes up, and sees afar the world made free!

These lines, near the close of the Yosemite ode, perhaps do justice to Mr. Sterling's capacity to accomplish occasional fine effects, both of rhythm and phrasing, as well as to the nobility of his double theme. There is nothing so good, I think, in the Exposition Ode; yet on the other hand the fitness of the latter for its purpose is the more certain. The somewhat oratorical effects of the irregular ode form are well adapted to an audience and an occasion, whereas one does not care to contemplate the notion of Mr. Sterling declaiming his lines in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Thomas Walsh's volume, called "The Pilgrim Kings" from a brief but finely conceived interpretation of the story of the magi, takes us far from contemporary men and things. It is especially concerned with old Spain,—its princes, artists, and architecture,—and sometimes is notably successful in the reproduction of the desired atmosphere. The more conspicuous poems are in dramatic form, studies of painters like Goya, Velasquez, and El Greco, at imagined moments when the character of themselves or their pictures can be interpreted in fugitive dialogue somewhat reminiscent of the monologues of Browning. Quite worth while as these scenes doubtless are, they do not seem to me to form the really satisfying portion of the volume, partly, perhaps, because they inevitably challenge comparison with the richer historic interpretations of Browning, and partly because Mr. Walsh's blank verse is undeniably tame. His rhymed lines are often well wrought and individual. For example, take this "River Song" from a group of Alhambra lyrics:

There came as tribute out of far Bagdad  
Unto Alhambra once a minstrel lad  
Who all day long touched softly on the strings  
The river song the Tigris boatman sings.  
A sun-bronzed slave who toiled among the flowers  
O'erheard a sob from the Sultana's bowers,  
And whispered,—“Minstrel, wake that note no  
more;  
She too in childhood knew our Asian shore;  
Fair is Alhambra,—but by pool or dome,  
Sing here no more that song of youth and home.”

With Mr. Burnet's poems we return again to to-day; they are of the war in Belgium, of

the streets of New York, the Woolworth Building and the Subway. Some of them are up-to-date in ways of which I—in common, I am sure, with others—have already begun to weary a little,—the effort, for instance, to make poetry play the part of editorial on problems of poverty and labor, sweat-shops and prostitution. (Why should the last-named institution be forcibly raised to lyrical quality by dubbing its representatives "Sisters of the Cross of Shame"?) But with this passing protest noted, I find Mr. Burnet's social feeling, and his poetic feeling too, to be on the whole sound and stimulating. The finest elaborate poem in his collection is "Gayheart, a Story of Defeat," which attracted some attention on its appearance in a periodical,—the story of a young journalist who lost his idealism in a New York boarding-house. In doing so he found worldly success.

His boyishness had died. His hard, clean youth  
Was gone for ever 'neath a whelm of clay.  
Yet as I looked I saw him lift his head,  
And all his grossness seemed to fall away.

His hungry look went straight to Heaven's throne,  
High up into the folded book of stars,  
And on his face I saw the Quest again—  
He was the seeker, fainting with his scars!

This last line exemplifies an annoying weakness of Mr. Burnet's—his willingness to let the rhyme make his phrasing. Men do not faint with scars. A number of such terminations mar the workmanship of the poem; but I am quite willing to admit that to stress them strongly, in the face of the poet's veracious and fine-spirited portrayal of the struggle of youth with the bigness and the sordidness of the city, would be the mark of a petty mind. I wish that the volume were smaller, and had taken a little longer in the making. That its writer can sometimes attain beauty of finish let this little lyric attest:

Love, when the day is done,  
When all the light grows dim,  
When to the setting sun  
Rises the Vesper Hymn,

Let us stand heart to heart,  
We who have toiled so far,  
Bidding the day depart—  
Seeking the risen star!

Mr. Marquis's "Dreams and Dust" is a book that appeals strongly either to one's amiability or one's ill-temper, according as one is disposed to be sympathetic with youth. (Having said which, I feel bound to praise it beyond its deserts!) I have no notion what the actual age of the author may be; but his work seems to me to be singularly typical of what a sensitive and intelligent young person might be supposed to think and to say on

almost anything. There is a wide variety of themes, and on almost all of them one can predict instantly, on their being introduced, what will be said. Yet despite this, the writer is a sufficiently good workman to avoid mere triteness, and one feels that the sense of obviousness is not due to borrowing, but to natural community of experience. Here is a bit out of a "madrigal" which shows Mr. Marquis's lyrical verse at its pleasantest:

Arise, arise, O briar rose,  
And sleepy violet!  
Awake, awake, anemone,  
Your wintry dreams forget—  
For shame, you tardy marigold,  
Are you not budded yet?

Up, blooms! and storm the wooded slopes,  
The lowlands and the plain—  
Blow, jonquil, blow your golden horn  
Across the ranks of rain!  
To arms! to arms! and put to flight  
The Winter's broken train!

More vigorous, on the other hand, and indeed of outstanding individuality in the whole collection, is a poem called "The Struggle," which describes a conflict between the speaker and a mysterious being—"man, god, or devil"—whom he has come upon in a deep gorge, and whom he at length overcomes and throttles. It ends thus:

Between the rifted rocks the great sun struck  
A finger down the cliff, and that red beam  
Lay sharp across the face of him that I had slain;  
And in that light I read the answer of the silent  
gods  
Unto my cursed-out prayer,  
For he that lay upon the ground was—I!

There are, to be sure, three more lines, but there ought not to be, so I stop here for the poem's sake.

Another volume breathing forth the spirit of youth, but with far more artistic individuality, is Mr. William A. Percy's "Sappho in Levkas." I have not seen for some time a re-study of a well-worn classical theme, like this of the passion of Sappho for Phaon, showing so much fresh poetic charm. If the author (I say again in ignorance) indeed be young, he is fortunate not only in having captured something of that beauty of ancient poesy which was once—but is not now—the common heritage of educated youth, but also in having the traditionally "classical" combination of beauty and restraint. I cannot think the metrical form of the poem to be as good as it deserves; the moderately irregular, ode-like rhythms of which it is composed seem—so experience teaches—to call for rhyme. A passage like this, therefore,—

Beyond the violet-circled isles, yea, to  
The confines of the habitable world  
My singing reached; nor can I think

The times come ever when the hearts of men  
So stripped of brightness be  
But they will shake with rapture of my songs—

perplexes the senses of the reader as approximating to the familiar blank-verse cadence yet departing from it without the accustomed compensation. The same circumstance impairs, for me, another of the longer poems in the volume which is of delightful imaginative quality; it represents St. Francis's reputed sermon to the birds. From this I quote what space will allow, knowing that those who read will wish for more:

O swallows, should you see, when evening comes,  
One leaning from his darkened window, dark,  
His eyes unlighted, bitter with the day's defeat,  
Toss where your vagrant flight may catch his gaze;  
For, as you scatter up the golden sky,  
Haply he may remember Jacob's dream,  
The ladder and the wings and, holpen, send his heart  
In God's light careless way to climb with you.

And you, sweet singers o' the dark,  
That tune your serenades but by the stars,

Love gardens most;  
For gardens do unlock themselves  
With magic silentness unto your spell,  
And music unto sleepless eyes doth bring  
The lonely solace of unloosened tears.  
But most, you morning choristers, that haunt the  
eaves,

Fall not to keep your matins clear for us;  
And should you know, by some bird craft of yours,  
The room wherein an almost mother lies,  
Choir your sweetest there, as tho' the babe to come  
Were son of God—for so he is!

Turn we now from youth to middle age. This is the meaning of Mr. Dodd's title, "The Middle Miles," and he is explicit to define the period as near the age of thirty-five. It is a depressing time, he tells us, without the consolations of either youth or age; we are disposed to look forward with some impatience to the poet's turning forty, that he may be a bit less self-consciously melancholy. To speak more seriously, the volume represents the reflections of an eminently cultivated mind, phrased often with notably good taste. Many of the poems have the distinctive charm of a familiar essay. The writer cannot complain if the reader feels what he himself so clearly does, a certain lamented incapacity to sing songs "set to vital tunes"; instead, he tells us, the poets of to-day (which seems, in a way, to be the world's middle age)

sing remembered memorable days,  
Unforgettable loves tenderly nursed by time,  
Mad exquisite deeds worthy a thousand voices,  
Sombre and delicate visions, permanent in perpetual  
evanescence,

but try in vain to "strike out crashing seven-hued chords." After all this, it is only fair to note that the collection includes a "Song Triumphant," ending with this heartening, if unnecessarily formless, strophe:



Truth, truth, ye cry!  
 But I  
 Seek not to fix the colored spray,  
 Seek not to stay  
 Wave, wind, or gradual star:  
 To-day  
 Is mutable as these things are.  
 Yet the vast sway,  
 The under-rhythm — God's pulse-beat —  
 shall not fail.  
 God's song above God's silence shall  
 prevail.

"The House that Was" is a skull, and Mr. Low undertakes to recreate from it, with fine imaginative insight, the riches of the life that had been lived within it.

There is a sound in thee, cold skull,  
 Too cobweb-thin for ears, too frail to die.  
 Such sound as follows singing, when a bird  
 Has fluted once and flown, and sings no more:  
 Such sound as breathes out petal sighs that fall  
 When stars touch roses, or a late moon strays  
 Through sleeping gardens of the long ago.  
 Yes, there is music in thee; as a stone —  
 Shed from some ancient capital, and found,  
 After slow centuries of creeping mould,  
 All grown with moss and crumbled with decay —  
 With every broken leaf, in each blurred line,  
 Sings of its haughty lineage for aye.

Here, one sees at once, is the authentic touch of poetry; and it is almost everywhere in Mr. Low's book, not only in imagery but in method of thinking. Delightful is the little scene of boy and girl love, called "Once Upon a Time":

Dear God! — to see you where the wind had gone,  
 All in soft shadow, still as Paradise,  
 Knee-deep, and lifting from the water's brim  
 Your looped-up garments . . . Star-eyed seraphim  
 Came down and kissed you, kneeling, with their  
 eyes.

Delightful, too, is the dialogue between the Little Boy and the Locomotive. "All night," says the boy,

"in dreams when you pass by  
 You breathe out stars that fill the sky,  
 And now, when all my dreams are true,  
 I hardly dare come close to you."

"But you," says the locomotive,

"you drop of morning dew,  
 God and his heaven are globed in you."

This little volume contains no outstanding or astonishing poem, but its remarkably high level of intensive poetic quality, from page to page, distinguishes it at once from the common case where it is plain that the half would have been better than the whole.

Of this latter sort is Mrs. Frank's collection, which is professedly a reminiscent kind of portfolio, in part covering — she tells us — her "sixteen-year-old period," and as such of more interest to her immediate friends than to the public. I do not know why, even so, she should have cared to preserve some of the contents, such as

Half the stars are dim with weeping,  
 Antoinette.  
 See the moon how palely sleeping,  
 Antoinette.

But the reader whose eye lights first on a piece of banality like this is presently astonished to find close by it one or another poem of distinctive insight and force. Rarely is the form as good as the thought, but sometimes it takes care of itself adequately, even if not cared for. For example, note these lines, full of vivid experience, representing a "Night-Mood":

The wind of the world  
 Is on our cheeks. Surely the infinite  
 Blew upon us and we shuddered. The fires of God  
 Are underneath us, and this planet's sod  
 Is as a shell. Where shall we flee from God?  
 He presses too close upon us. O, in all space  
 What then shall shield me but your bending face!  
 Closer! closer! What are we! A shifting breeze  
 That the winds of the world will gather.

Still better is a poem of which I can quote only a fragment, called "The Mother":

They have sought wild places,  
 And touched the wind-bound Pole,  
 But I shall go a-venturing  
 After a soul.

Stark is the journey, unknown;  
 Yet I shall traverse pain,  
 For a soul is a shy, wild thing,  
 And strange to attain.

I shall pluck it out of eternity.  
 O, I shall laugh with glee!  
 And high in my hand shall I hold it  
 For God to see.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson is fairly certain to do two things for us. It will furnish us real creations in character, like those of dramatist or novelist; and it will represent further interesting studies in the problem of making diction at once colloquial and poetical. The collection called "The Man against the Sky" does not disappoint us in either particular. It opens with a fine little character sketch of "the man Flammonde"; it includes also portraits of personages as different as old King Cole, Shakespeare and Jonson, and two very real quarrelsome modern lovers called John Gorham and Jane Wayland. I find — perhaps because of its fitting into the recent tercentenary — the monologue of Jonson, giving his view of Shakespeare, the most pleasing of these studies.

I'll meet him out alone of a bright Sunday,  
 Trim, rather spruce, and quite the gentleman.  
 "What, ho, my lord!" say I. He doesn't hear me;  
 Wherefore I have to pause and look at him.  
 He's not enormous, but one looks at him.  
 A little on the round, if you insist,  
 For now, God save the mark, he's growing old;  
 He's five and forty, and to hear him talk  
 These days you'd call him eighty; then you'd add

More years to that. He's old enough to be  
The father of a world, and so he is.  
"Ben, you're a scholar, what's the time of day?"  
Says he; and there shines out of him again  
An aged light that has no age or station —  
The mystery that's his — a mischievous  
Half-mad serenity that laughs at fame.

The title poem stands, oddly enough, at the  
end of the volume, and is a kind of final mysti-  
cal character-study of a nameless man  
who becomes — from being seen on a clearly  
outlined hill-top, descending to some unknown  
place — a type of Man himself.

Where was he going, this man against the sky?  
You know not, nor do I.  
But this we know, if we know anything:  
That we may laugh and fight and sing,  
And of our transience here make offering  
To an orient Word that will not be erased,  
Or, save in incommunicable gleams  
Too permanent for dreams,  
Be found or known. . .

No planetary trap where souls are wrought  
For nothing but the sake of being caught  
And sent again to nothing, will attune  
Itself to any key of any reason  
Why man should hunger through another season  
To find out why 'twere better late than soon  
To go away and let the sun and moon  
And all the silly stars illuminate  
A place for creeping things,  
And those that root and trumpet and have wings,  
And herd and ruminate,  
Or dive and flash and poise in rivers and seas,  
Or by their loyal tails in lofty trees  
Hang, screeching lewd victorious derision  
Of man's immortal vision.

I must repeat here, what I said in a former  
paper in connection with some of the poetry  
of Mr. Percy MacKaye, that this sort of work-  
manship is highly significant to those inter-  
ested in the poetic art, as showing how all the  
effects of directness, veracity, and individual-  
ity can be obtained, not only without losing  
the sense of beauty but — what is especially  
pertinent to our generation — without losing  
the sense of form.

Poems concerning the war are abundant,  
here as in England, and for the most part  
are equally negligible here as there. The  
obviousness of that which one must feel con-  
cerning the great conflict seems to pall upon  
the poetic spirit, like trite condolences on the  
day of a funeral. The verse of Miss Thomas  
is always to be listened to with respect, but  
her little volume of war poems, "The White  
Messenger," has not escaped the unfavorable  
influences of which I have spoken. The senti-  
ments are such as almost all can share, but  
didactic generalization hangs upon a great  
part of them. This little poem, called "Spilt  
Wine," escapes it because it frankly keeps to  
the particular moving fact:

A flower of youth — a Linus boy,  
He bore a glass of purple wine;

His step was Pride, his glance was Joy —  
A flower of youth divine!

One shattering blow! The crystal broke —  
Fast flowed away the precious wine.  
— It was the brutish Earth that spoke,  
"I drink but what is mine!"

"For mother of all fruits am I,  
Who send them up, to tree and vine;  
To give them back should none deny,  
When I with thirst shall pine."

I looked again. — So quickly shed,  
The flower of youth, his blood for wine!  
And brutish Earth, deep-murmuring, said,  
"I drink but what was mine."

Mr. Scollard's new volume, on the other  
hand, called "Italy in Arms," touches only  
the edge of the war, as Italy herself has done,  
and it is the title poem alone which assures  
us that the poet wishes her well in the conflict,  
apparently not for any social or political  
reason, but because of the groves of Vallom-  
brosa and similar things. The book is, in  
effect, a kind of poet's journal of travels in  
the land best loved of poets, and none who  
know Mr. Scollard's verse will need to be told  
that it is compact of pleasant images and  
pleasant melodies, wholly free from the weight  
of arduous thinking. This sketch of "A  
Roman Twilight" is perhaps among the best  
of the traveller's memories:

The purple tints of twilight over Rome;  
Against the sunset great Saint Peter's dome,  
And through the gateways peasants wending home.

Shadows that gather round the Aventine;  
And just above the dim horizon line  
The star of Hesper, like a light divine.

A perfume faint as of forgotten sweets,  
As though there came, far-borne through lonely  
streets,  
The breath of violets from the grave of Keats!

Of the poems called forth by the war, which  
have been read in American periodicals, none  
attracted more interest than Miss Cone's  
"Chant of Love for England," written in  
reply to the German Song of Hate. This  
forms the title poem of a widely varied col-  
lection, marked throughout by fine feeling  
and the influences of the intellectual life, with  
somewhat uneven workmanship. From the  
standpoint of the interpretive imagination,  
one of the best pieces in the volume is that  
called "The Gaoler," in which the soul speaks  
of the body.

To be free, to be alone,  
Is a joy I have not known.  
To a keeper who never sleeps  
I was given at the hour of birth  
By the governors of earth;  
And so well his watch he keeps,  
Though I leave no sleight untried,  
That he will not quit my side. . .

I have cried to the winds, the sea,  
 "Oh, help me, for ye are free!"  
 I have thought to escape away,  
 But his hand on my shoulder lay.  
 From the hills and the lifting stars  
 He has borne me back to bars;  
 With the spell of my murmured name  
 He has captived and kept me tame.

I have also found unexpected pleasure in Miss Cone's ode on Lincoln, written for the centennial in 1909,—for surely one does not hope for much from more odes on Lincoln. They must be frankly expository; but the exposition rises to some real imaginative effectiveness in a passage like this, where the "voices of the outland folk" take up the sound of praise, in answer to those of English blood:

You shall not limit his large glory thus,  
 You shall not mete his greatness with a span!  
 This man belongs to us,  
 Gentle and Jew, Teuton and Celt and Russ  
 And whatso else we be!  
 This man belongs to Man!  
 And never, till a flood of love efface  
 The hard distrusts that sever race from race,  
 Comes his true jubilee!

Much has been expected from a new volume by Mr. Masters, who attained a somewhat ambiguous fame through the "Spoon River Anthology"; but the book of "Songs and Satires" is a miscellany, and not a few will be disappointed in finding in it only a few monologues of the Spoon River type. This type, original and fascinating though somewhat inversely to its characteristically poetic appeal, may be briefly described as a composite of the dominant moods of Swift, Walt Whitman, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Some readers are most attracted by the Swiftian power of merciless but not unsympathetic observation of the foul and ugly, some by the Whitmanesque affection for the common but unconventional, some by the Shavian habit of laughing in the wrong place. The resulting effects are often almost important, but usually not quite important, because Mr. Masters, unlike the three writers just named, has no style. By style I mean a consistent medium of expression used with a sense of form, either prosaic or poetic,—a thing the very want of which has proved to be appealing, for a large portion of our reading public greatly prefers the habit which dashes recklessly and amusingly from this manner to that. With this in mind, I am tempted to find in a certain elegant simile of Mr. Masters's a description of many of his own effects: "You are a Packard engine in a Ford." For there is no denying him some of the admirable qualities which I attribute (wholly by hearsay) to a Packard engine. On the other hand, I should not think of apply-

ing to him the neighboring metaphor from the same poem: "A barrel of slop that shines on Lethe's wharf." This, it will be observed, represents one of his taking manners. Another is that of pure prose, not even cut into rhythmic lengths; for instance,—*"This city had a Civic Federation, and a certain social order which intrigues through churches; courts, with an endless ramification of money and morals, to save itself."* But these are not all. There are not only the moments of penetrating insight into personality—insight of novelist or comedian, one would say, characteristically,—but also, on occasion, the haunting revelations of feeling which poetry exists to communicate. I wish indeed that many of these compositions were worthy to be placed beside this one, called "The Door";

This is the room that thou wast ushered in.  
 Wouldst thou, perchance, a larger freedom win?  
 Wouldst thou escape for deeper or no breath?  
 There is no door but death.

Do shadows crouch within the mocking light?  
 Stand thou! but if thy terror'd heart take flight  
 Facing maimed Hope and wide-eyed Nevermore,  
 There is no less one door.

Dost thou bewail love's end and friendship's doom,  
 The dying fire, drained cup, and gathering gloom?  
 Explore the walls, if thy soul ventureth—  
 There is no door but death.

There is no window. Heaven hangs aloof,  
 Above the rents within the stairless roof.  
 Hence, soul, be brave across the ruined floor—  
 Who knocks! Unbolt the door!

Some, I conceive, will say that I have selected this poem for praise, with vicious traditionalism of spirit, because of its "thous" and "wasts" and other formal signs of poetic manner; on the contrary, however, it is the worse for them, and the last stanza alone, which is wholly direct as well as profoundly imaginative, is perfect.

I conclude with Mr. Untermeyer's mysteriously titled volume, one of parodies of the verse of his contemporaries. He imagines a "banquet of the bards," wherein the celebrants display their various poetic modes in so characteristic fashion that the layman might well, at times, have difficulty in distinguishing burlesque from reality. With certain of the personages represented I confess to having no acquaintance, and wonder that they should deserve the fame which parody implies; but contemporary fame is a swift and mysterious thing. Most enjoyable, perhaps, are Mr. Untermeyer's representations of such current phenomena as imagism, free verse, and "polyphonic prose." Thus—

The iron menace of the pillar-box is threatening  
 the virginity of night,  
 and



Zip! the thought of you tears in my heart. I fumble and start;

the first of these lines being attributed to Mr. Ezra Pound and the second to Miss Amy Lowell. Mr. Pound is also made to say, how characteristically it would perhaps be unbecoming to observe:

Come, my songs, let us sing about something —  
It is time we were getting ourselves talked about.

And Mr. James Oppenheim's rasher moments of inspiration are represented in some lines beginning:

Oh Nietzsche, Whitman, Havelock Ellis, Lincoln,  
Freud, and Jung,  
Help me to cast off these wrappers of custom and prohibition,  
Tear down the barriers of reticence!

The fact is that free verse, and the other more superficial elements of exaggerated romanticism, lend themselves rather too easily to the art of the parodist to make the results very highly worth while. But if one could find a poet who represented them in a really important way, and could then exhibit in burlesque the essential spirit as well as the manner in question, as Calverley did (for example) in his famous parody of "The Ring and the Book," he might do a service of both literary and social significance. If Mr. Untermeyer has not accomplished this, it is perhaps only for want of better material.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

All who think of the Great War think it will be a turning point in history. Whatever life is to be when the war is over, it will be different from what it is now. Just what the difference is to be, few try to state, but they feel that things cannot be the same.

One can see this in fiction, as elsewhere. In the first year of the war English fiction was much what it usually is. But by this time one can often see a clear effect. Men and women are interested in thinking of the old order which has come to an end, of the war itself which has had such an effect, of the new order which will arise.

Miss Mordaunt's "The Family" has not on the face of it anything at all to do with the war. It is the story of an English country family, at first not very unlike in its subject and story a good many novels of the eighties

and early nineties. Mr. Hebberton is a typical country Squire, he and his wife are definite mid-Victorians continuing on into the end-of-the-century period, the children are not markedly one thing more than another. The book might superficially interest people chiefly as being one more picture of that extraordinary family life, which (we are taught to believe in novels) English people not only endure but like. It is a family life where everyone pursues his or her object with no regard to anybody else, unless the anybody can be made temporarily useful; where each one speaks his mind out without any consideration for anybody else, and with an invariable inclination to be disagreeable if it be in the least degree possible; where nobody has a notion of any other ideal of life except getting as much fun as one can out of the present; where nobody thinks of any kind of useful occupation (in American, of earning a living) nor has or conceives any possible way of paying society for enduring his presence; and in which all live in the greatest affection for each other and in the highest respect from every one else. So the story begins. But as it goes on the family disintegrates,—one brother enlists as a private, another becomes a prize-fighter, one goes off to South Africa, one gets on the stage; one sister goes to Canada and travels about marrying people, one gets into a big store; Pauline the chief figure marries, becomes a widow, and settles in a small house in London. The Squire and Mrs. Hebberton give up the family place and go to live in a "villa" somewhere. Everything is broken up, and the family is scattered all about. They are finally got together somehow at Pauline's house in London. At a Christmas dinner at Mr. Rabbit's, whom one of the girls has married, Pauline was struck by their look. "There was nothing of the country-bred family left about them. The city had got them; would keep them till they were dead and buried." Pauline was conscious that it was part of a great change, a change coming in with the new century. "I wonder if the world will be any better!" queried Edward Grice. "I don't know," said Pauline, "but anyhow it will be different."

Miss Mordaunt is conscious enough that the case she is describing is significant. She shows a phase of life as she imagines it; in thinking of life she was more or less possessed by the thought of change, of disintegration, of wreck, and she naturally conceived a story in which change, disintegration, and wreck were the dominating forces. She shows us one element out of the many which make up English society. But her chief interest was

\* THE FAMILY. By Ellen Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Co.

THE DARK FOREST. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THE KING'S MEN. By John Leslie Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE NIGHT COMETH. By Paul Bourget. Translated by G. Frederic Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

truth to life, and by aiming chiefly at this she was able to gain also the other great advantage of giving one of the important currents of life of the time in which she was interested.

Miss Mordaunt was not thinking especially of the war,—in fact, the social change she has in mind was effective before the war, though it must have been hastened by it. Mr. Walpole in "The Dark Forest," on the other hand, deals directly with the war itself. He has already dealt with earlier conditions; in "The Duchess of Wrexe" he had in mind the passing of the old aristocratic leadership and the coming in of a new democracy, just as Miss Mordaunt has in mind the break-up of the old country life and the segregation of society in cities. Perhaps Mr. Walpole may feel that the war has made his earlier subject too much a matter of history. At any rate, in this book he deals only with some phases of the war as it actually is, without much regard to its effect on anyone but the people he imagines and writes about.

His general idea seems to be indicated by the name of the book. A hospital unit in the Russian Red Cross service leaves Petrograd for the front, and finally gets settled in the Forest of S— on the river Nestor, a great stretch of woodland and open country, village and wilderness. The forest seems to typify one's state of mind during the war, any one's—Mr. Walpole's, yours, or mine,—sombre but exciting, with all sorts of uncombined items, terrible, beautiful, uninteresting, anything you can imagine. Such is the war; one leaves behind all relationships, save the chance connections of the service, and then all kinds of things happen. At the end one is much as before,—except that (as Pauline said) things are different. It is clear that one cannot take up the old threads and begin over again.

This is not, however, exactly the form of Mr. Walpole's story. In the story he is particularly interested in two Englishmen who had volunteered for Red Cross service in Russia,—Durward who tells the story, and Trenchard of whom the story is told. Of the latter, his love for Marie Ivanovna, and his death in battle, is the story which is woven into the impressions that to my mind are the chief element of it. As is usual with Mr. Walpole, it is the place and the people that he mostly impresses upon us.

The Forest of S— is not more of a kaleidoscope than was life before they got to the forest. It is all alike. At one moment a village full of old people who have to be fed, a miserable, abandoned fantastic set of people; then the forest itself, green and delicate and clear, with soft cool shadows and quiver-

ing light and dark, with bird-song and silence; a village where they had the cholera; an empty house just behind the firing line, in a tangled desolate garden, the inside bare and dusty with a few old odds and ends left in it; other such scenes, and throughout moments of deep intensity and hours of monotonous dullness. Probably the war is like that. Mr. Walpole is not concerned with what used to be or what is going to be, or with anything but what is at the moment—and not often with that after the moment when it is of importance has passed away. Yet it is all important to those people; they were never the same again,—some were dead, but those who were alive went back to a life where they probably never picked up the old doings and habits they had left when the war began.

Mr. Palmer's "The King's Men" is the one of these three books most especially directed to the influence of the war. It is an account of how the war affected a group of half a dozen young men of the general class of artists and workers. It is not a survey of the changes which the war is to bring about in our civilization, but it does show what is the immediate effect of the war on some individuals,—which is probably as far as a sensible man who knows anything about it will go just now. They all acted differently: Rupert Smith saw that everybody would go; he threw into the scrap-basket a novel he had just written, was shortly after gazetted and went exuberantly into Goff's to buy all the things he could be persuaded to think he needed. Baddely at once said, "I'm not going to the war," for he was a comfortably married man in government service. But he didn't hold out long; he enlisted very soon without saying anything to anybody. Bob Rivers, being "a linguist, an engineer, and an Oxford Terrier whose enthusiasm was a byword in several regimental messes," very soon got into an active service regiment. Kenneth John remained secretary to a Junior Whip who gave up whipping to manage a weekly which should direct public opinion, but even he went to the front pretty soon to "study conditions." Jim Pelham for a long time determined that he would do nothing about it. He hated the idea of being forced by public opinion to do just what everyone else was doing. He stuck it out longer than the rest, but he couldn't stand the pressure; at the moment of his most vigorous denial he was suddenly converted.

This exhibition of various typical forms of volunteering may not be as really significant as one case of something a little different.

There is an old fellow who is in partnership with his son. The old man thinks that the question of what the firm shall do in the crisis is for the partners to decide; if they can help the government and make a big profit too, they might as well do it. His son thinks that if that sort of thing is left to private action, to volunteering, all sorts of things will happen. He thinks that the Government ought to take a hand in the matter. Of course this is just what has actually happened. Although until lately recruiting was conducted on a superficially volunteer basis, all sorts of matters of business were taken in charge by the Government. Perhaps that may be a sign of the future. The book is full of a feeling of change. "Nothing will ever again be where it was before," "All the old pretences, interests, and disputations were finished now," "This war cleans the slate," "The age before the war—an age already so remote,"—such expressions and phrases occur on almost every page. Mr. Palmer does not pretend really to study the effect that the war is going to have on civilization; but he does study the effect that war has had in a number of typical cases, and that is quite as much as anyone can do just now.

Not a study of the war itself, nor of the new possibilities of the war, is M. Paul Bourget's "The Night Cometh," but a study of an old, old question in the light given by these new events.\* M. Bourget has been a distinguished figure in the recent literature of France, but in later days his work has not been of just the kind for which he was so much admired five and twenty years ago. In this book the Bourget of later years uses the forms and figures of earlier days,—the days of "Studies in the Psychology of Our Own Time," of "The Disciple." Marsal the lame doctor, unable to go to the front, and attached to the Clinique of Dr. Ortègue, is the spectator and student of an example of the problem that has arisen millions of times in the last two years,—the view that different men take of death, of the night that cometh when no man can work. Marsal himself is but the chronicler, the recorder of the psychical clinic, the observer who sets down his conclusions from the phenomena of one of the great experiments which the war prepares each day for the students of science, philosophy, and religion. He is little of a figure, reminding one of Greslou, the unhappy disciple who wrote in his cell at Rennes that study in psychology which so disproved the theories

of his master. But Dr. Ortègue reminds us of the old savant himself, the man of the days of Taine, the man who held virtue and vice to be results, like sugar and vitriol. He believes in the things that are visible and tangible (he is a great surgeon) or to be otherwise perceived by the senses. But at the height of his career he finds himself a victim to cancer. To his hospital is brought Lieutenant LeGallic, a young man wounded in the head, a Christian of the deep and natural faith of his Breton family and ancestry. He is brought to the hospital from the battlefield where day by day he has lived with men who are proving their devotion to France with their lives. To each one the night comes.

Marsal relates the circumstances,—the progress of the doctor's disease, the love and devotion of his charming wife, the steadfast faith of the soldier, and all the hundred events and incidents of the hospital tragedy. And he sums up the results. As a narrator he is earnest, as a student calm. These pages are a dissertation, an observation. "Let us sum up, then, the facts the establishment of which results from this observation. They are to be grouped under two headings. I see, on the one hand, a superior man, Ortègue. . . I see on the other,—and this is the second case,—a very simple man LeGallic, a man of action, but so modest in action." He states his conclusions concerning death.

One could hardly desire a book more representative of the author. It embodies the later breadth of view of Bourget, with the earlier manner. The earlier view of Bourget, I believe, has had its day. The appearance of "The Disciple" will stand in the minds of those who look back on the recent years of French literature as the point which marks the end of the generation of Taine in the intellectual life of France. It made his mode of thought impossible,—not perhaps in any way that Bourget conceived at the time, but in a way that seems plain to those who have studied the work of the last generation in France, the generation which is fighting the war. Dr. Ortègue is a figure of older time; LeGallic is the man of the hour, the man who has grown up since that time. He, like Ernest Psichari, Charles Peguy, and so many others, embodies the new spirit of France. Ortègue knew himself the soldier of Science; LeGallic felt himself a soldier of the Cross. In the two figures there is much for the student of the France of our day.

EDWARD E. HALE.

\* It should be particularly noted that the translation is excellent, not only correct and French, but conveying a decided feeling of M. Bourget's very special style.



## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*A Filipino's  
plea for  
independence.*

American sentiment regarding the Philippines halts between the broad path of expediency and the strait and narrow way of principle. Unfortunately for both countries, the Americans, many of them, are so obsessed with the notion that they are doing the Filipinos good that they will not see any other side of the question, and therefore ground their expediency upon benevolence, confounding the forcing of their charity upon an unwilling people with principle. In such a case as this it would seem that the opinion of the Filipinos themselves ought to be the determining factor, and it is to put this opinion more plainly before the American people that Mr. Maximo M. Kalaw has prepared "The Case for the Filipinos" (Century Co.). The author, to quote the introductory words of Mr. Manuel L. Quezon, resident commissioner from the Philippines, "has been educated in public schools taught by American teachers who have endeavored to instil into the minds of their pupils the belief that it is the destiny of the Filipino people to remain forever under the control of the Government of the United States." The result of this education is no more marked in Mr. Kalaw's case than in that of every other pupil of his race so taught; for it appears that there is nowhere among the native population a faction, large or small, that believes such a destiny is manifest or such control to be tolerated. This his book makes clear; after nearly twenty years the Filipino people are as determined not to be governed against their will by a people alien in speech, law, and religion, in open violation of American governmental ideals themselves, as they were when they fired upon the invading American army in their war for independence against the land of the free and the home of the brave. The book is as remarkable for its omissions as for the clearness with which this position is set forth. It says nothing of the earlier points in controversy, whereby the imperialists sought to befuddle the issue. It points out, with dignity and restraint, that the American Government has never considered the wishes of the Filipinos themselves, from the refusal to allow Señor Agoncillo a voice in the framing of the Treaty of Paris down to the present. Written before the thirty renegade Democrats in the House of Representatives violated the platform of their party, it analyzes the bill thus defeated, shows its glaring defects and injustices, and yet hopes for its passage as granting at least a measure of independence. Every American who places principle before expediency should rejoice that such a book can emanate from one educated by Americans; in spite of his teachers, the author has caught our own belief in freedom.

*A book of  
memoirs  
and messages.*

An unstudied sincerity not always easy to attain in writing of oneself marks the reminiscences of Mr. William Butler Yeats as recorded in "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" (Macmillan). The book is a worthy illustration of his own

early-adopted literary creed, which is thus set down near the end of his narrative: "If I can be sincere and make my language natural, and without becoming discursive, like a novelist, and so indiscreet and prosaic, I shall, if good luck or bad luck make my life interesting, be a great poet; for it will be no longer a matter of literature at all." Yet this admirable frankness has the defects of its qualities: it has led in the present publication to something that it might be harsh to call garrulity, but that nevertheless does lack somewhat of the restraint and form and proportion characteristic of literature as distinguished from mere written utterance. Incidents and thoughts, significant and trivial, are set down, one after another, with running pen, all chopped into chapters without headings, and these in turn into loosely related paragraphs. But if the whole gives us a good and true picture of the writer, why should we complain? In a sense there is nothing trivial in the narrative, since all is significant of the personality behind the pen. We enjoy the unpremeditated delineation of Irish character and Irish scenes; we glow with the writer's scorn of mere rhetoric and are kindled with his enthusiasm for naturalness; and we cannot dissent when he says, "We should write out our own thoughts in as nearly as possible the language we thought them in, as though in a letter to an intimate friend." But it always remains true that this very effort to achieve the natural and the unaffected has a baffling trick of leading one into unnaturalness and affectation. Where nature ends and art begins, who shall say? The book is a notable one. Its passages of intimate spiritual autobiography are especially good.

*The pageant  
of Dickens.*

Lovers of Dickens of not too exacting taste will find pleasure in Mr. W. Walter Crotch's "The Pageant of Dickens" (Scribner). In this appreciation, Mr. Crotch leads before our imagination the host of creatures from Dickens's pen, at the same time classifying them and making entertaining and occasionally illuminating comment upon them and their author. There is no attempt at anything scholarly or scientific, but rather a review of these people, their doings and relations to each other, with liberal quotation from the writings. Along with this we are offered a somewhat extravagant praise of their creator that might provoke dissent on the part of less enthusiastic admirers. Mr. Crotch finds in Dickens more solid qualities than are commonly admitted, calling him at once the equal of Shakespeare in tragedy and the very personification of "the Comic Spirit who, Meredith tells us, hovers overhead, and, looking humanely malign upon our poor frailties and incongruities, casts an oblique light over unconscious humanity." Both Meredith and George Gissing are quoted so frequently and impartially that one might toss a coin to discover which of the two, next to Dickens, is Mr. Crotch's favorite novelist. That Dickens was an arch-humanitarian most of us are prepared to believe, but when the present commentator claims for him

all the finest qualities of the humanist, the question arises as to whether he makes any distinction between these much misused terms. It is perhaps invidious to call attention to the platitudes with which the book is crowded, for its appeal is only too obviously to those for whom platitudes are of sweet savour, who will not be piqued at being asked to swallow without a wry face the whole of Victorian economics, sociology, and philosophy, and who will give a willing ear to every good thing said of an author for whom they themselves have nothing but pleasant remembrance and praise. Oddly enough, Mr. Crotch in his remarks about Dickens's treatment of dogs omits to mention one of the most conspicuous and impossible of the Dickensian canines,—“Merrylegs” in “Hard Times,” and his famous feat of announcing the death of his master. It is indeed noteworthy that of all the immense canvas which the great novelist left as his picture of Victorian England, the present author finds no single detail out of drawing, none that is not representative of life as it really is. Not even Quilp is overdone. Despite its faults, however, Mr. Crotch's book is one to give many an agreeable half-hour to the casual reader who has devoured all of Dickens and wants more.

*German history,  
1870 to 1914.*

It was a happy idea which inspired Professor Robert Herndon Fife of Wesleyan University to write “The German Empire between Two Wars” (Macmillan). A knowledge of the history of Germany between 1870 and 1914 furnishes an admirable basis for the understanding of the present war, inasmuch as Germany has been the focal point of most of the great international controversies which are now being solved by blood and iron. Thus the present volume, while not a war-book strictly speaking, becomes most useful for a comprehension of the causes and setting of the great conflict. Though Professor Fife is a neutral to the extent of not disclosing his ultimate feelings about the war, he is by no means colorless in the discussion of specific issues, and he is particularly emphatic in his expressions of sympathy with the more democratic movements in German life and thought. The book is not so much a record of facts chronologically arranged as a description of conditions and tendencies. The main part deals with the foreign and internal policies of the Empire. A very valuable concluding section is devoted to a consideration of Germany's municipal administration, her educational system, and her newspapers. The entire work is not a rehash of others' opinions but a record of the author's own observations and experiences, maturely considered and attractively presented.

*A user of  
visions.*

To plain John Smith, office clerk, the Spirit of Understanding chooses to reveal itself all of a sudden, to the boundless astonishment and rapture of this otherwise undistinguished person; and he proceeds, like the good husband he is, to communicate these revelations to his wife when he goes home at

night to Lonelyville. “The Case of John Smith: His Heaven and His Hell” (Putnam), by Mrs. Charles W. Wetmore, better known as Elizabeth Bisland, sets forth, in the space of 244 pages, the whole “course of cosmic history,” as we are asked to believe,—“the wonders of the infinitely great and the infinitely minute, the growth and decay of worlds, the development of life, the formation of creeds, the error and evil and false ideals with which the world has battled.” This Spirit of Understanding, otherwise called the Shining Lady, waits upon John somewhat as the Cumsean Sibyl gave herself to the guidance of Aeneas, revealing things undreamt of by her disciple. It is an enlarging and inspiring revelation, disclosing the hidden possibilities in every human soul, awakening us to a sense of our fabulously rich heritage, and nerving us for the attainment of goals hitherto but dimly visible to our myopic vision. In the course of her talks, which, as the story proceeds, are not confined to John alone, the Shining Lady shows herself to be a monist, holding that matter and spirit “are one and the same,” and also a disbeliever in any first cause, any creative act; for she explains that “there was no need of a spirit or first cause to create matter,” since “the two always existed at the same time, and there was no act of creation at all.” Rather deep water, this, for her ladyship; but she shies at nothing, even making bold to elucidate the wherefore of war and the whereby it may be avoided. In depicting the enlightened course we shall follow in the better future, this wise person evinces a sadly ungrammatical preference for the auxiliary “will” where “shall” is meant. But such high discourse should not be scrutinized with the grammarian's microscope.

*France from  
1870 to the  
great war.*

In his “History of the Third French Republic” (Houghton), Professor C. H. C. Wright of Harvard University sketches the political history of France from 1870 to the outbreak of the present European war. The causes of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, the government of the National Defence and the reorganization under Thiers, the framing of the Constitution of 1875, the conflict between MacMahon and the Republicans in 1877 which resulted in the downfall of the monarchist president and the triumph of the Republicans, the work of Gambetta and Jules Ferry, the Boulanger crisis, the Panama scandal, the Dreyfus affaire, the Colonial adventures of France, French foreign policy, relations with the Papacy and the disestablishment of the church, are some of the more important events which the author reviews in turn. Although the present history of these forty-five years of stirring events is little more than a rapid sketch, all too brief to serve the purposes of the specialist, it is accurate and readable and contains much information which the general reader will find interesting and instructive. Necessarily it is largely a story of rapidly passing cabinets, for it is this more than anything else which distinguishes the parliamentary history of France from that of Great Britain. While five ministries have governed

England since 1870, some fifty-five have come and gone in France. But we must not judge the character of cabinet government in France by this circumstance, because cabinet changes in that country do not have the significance that they have in England. Often, indeed, they have no significance at all, for the downfall of a ministry does not mean (as it does in England) the passing of the government from one political party to another. Usually it involves merely a change of personnel, and may have no effect on the policy of the government. The truth is, there has been greater continuity of policy and political stability in France during the past fifteen years than there has been in England, because during all this period the government has been in the hands of the same party. The author's division of his book into chapters according to the administrations of the presidents of France may be criticized on grounds of logic, since in France the president of the Republic is little more than a figure-head, with no real power. One is hardly justified, therefore, in speaking of the "administrations" of Loubet, Fallières, and other presidents. A division according to ministries would be more logical.

*Psychology  
for beginners.*

The widespread interest in psychology as a subject for systematic study has brought about a number of expert contributions in this field. Two of the latest of these contributions are Professor Titchener's "A Beginner's Psychology" (Macmillan) and Professor Pillsbury's "Essentials of Psychology" (Macmillan). In Professor Titchener's little book, which replaces his "Primer of Psychology," emphasis is placed upon principles and a right approach and understanding. The field is admirably surveyed, and a fair perspective of the topics is maintained. The volume is written with a masterly pen, from the ripe experience of years of teaching. It is rare to find an adept equally successful in preparing comprehensive manuals for the most advanced students and for the guidance of the novice. Professor Pillsbury's book is more conventional and less distinctive; but it reaches a high level of skill and insight in the several chapters. It is concerned with imparting information and clarifying conceptions, in intelligible terms. Text-books inevitably generate a generic similarity uninviting to the reviewer's task; but these little volumes make reasonable approximation to an exception to this rule.

*Pre-war relations  
of England  
and Germany.*

Of the many books written during the past two years on the genesis of the present world war, it is likely that only a very few will have permanent value. While most of the writers have no doubt honestly tried to base their conclusions on facts, in many cases only a relatively small body of facts has been studied and used; and in the interpretation of these facts prejudice has too often taken the place of judicial thought. There are certain notable exceptions, however, and among these Dr. Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "England and Germany"

(Princeton University Press) is likely to take high rank. Dr. Schmitt proposes to give an account of the relations of England and Germany from the accession of Frederick the Great in 1740 to the outbreak of the European war in 1914; but the discussion of these relations prior to 1870 is very slight, and adds but little to the value of the study. The work is not a narrative history; it is rather a series of essays on such subjects as German expansion, the rivalry between England and Germany as commercial, imperialistic, and naval powers, the formation of the Triple Entente, the problem of Morocco, and many more. The author concludes that England did not want war and that all her diplomatic efforts were directed toward the maintenance of peace in Europe and the interests of the British Empire. The English people surely did not wish to fight for commercial advantages, as they believed with Norman Angell that business and war are incompatible. In the quarrel that preceded the war the English had their part; but the author charges Germany with the greater responsibility for this unfortunate situation. He also holds that while clumsy diplomats were in large part to blame for the unfriendly relations with which the century began, the moulders of public opinion, publicists like Rohrbach and Delbrück, and chauvinistic journals like "The Saturday Review" were almost as much to blame. Dr. Schmitt finds, however, that just prior to the outbreak of war the relations between these two peoples were improving, that they were no longer regarding each other with the earlier jealousy and fear, and that, if the crime of Serajevo had not created a desperate situation in southeastern Europe, the old friendship between England and Germany might have been speedily restored. The war is traced to the trouble in the Balkans and the clash between the ambitions of Russia and Austria; but Germany, the author believes, could have done much more than she did to restrain her belligerent ally. Dr. Schmitt's book is written from the British point of view, but its tone is moderate, and the spirit of propaganda is wholly wanting.

*Reformatories  
without walls.*

The probation system of dealing with law-breakers who are not hardened criminals costs Massachusetts, the first state to adopt it, less than \$150,000 yearly, and it handles with much success more than one-half the total number of cases that under the old system would have meant so many commitments to cells. The penal machinery other than the probationary part of it deals with less than one-half the cases and costs about \$2,000,000 each year. Herein is one argument out of many for giving at least to the beginning criminal one more chance; and this "One More Chance" is the subject and the title of a very humanly interesting series of chapters from the voluminous records of a Massachusetts probation officer, Mr. James P. Ramsay, editorially assisted by Mr. Lewis E. MacBrayne, an unofficial investigator in the field of penology. To be exact, the title-page places the latter name first, and it is Mr. MacBrayne who writes the preface and appears to be responsible for the



form in which the entire narrative is presented. Encouragement and satisfaction speak in most of these stories of reclamation work among various sorts of human wreckage, or what threatened to become such; but the pathos and the despair of hopeless failure are not wanting, as indeed was to have been expected. On the whole, however, the system is splendidly vindicated in these human documents, and it is no cause for surprise that its workings have so impressed the outside world as to lead to the adoption of similar methods all over our own country and beyond. The whole of Scotland now enjoys the benefits, economic and moral, resulting from the introduction, largely through Mr. Ramsay's efforts, of a system modelled after that here referred to. The book is one of the "Welfare Series" published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

*Sensible  
eugenics.*

Professor Michael F. Guyer's "Being Well-Born" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) is an admirable statement of the eugenic evidence, principles, argument, and applications. It gives the facts with great precision and a confident scientific clearness. It is a book for the layman, but it is not written down to a "popular" level. The understanding of the data requires close attention; and the subject deserves the effort. The composite effect of the story is impressive. It has the good effect of making the reader feel the importance of accurate foundations in microscopic beginnings and the technical refinements of the biologist. Equipped with the information of this book, the layman cannot but achieve an appreciation of the fundamental importance of the biological laboratory and its contributions to the social control which it establishes. The book may do more, and impart a sense of responsibility to the legislative and civic conscience when it tries to regulate the forces with which human society must deal. The concluding chapters, devoted to the broader bearing of the principles of eugenics, are unusually forceful and clear. In view of the low price of the book, it is likely to be widely circulated and to become a standard introduction to a vital phase of public enlightenment.

*Select prose  
of Southey.*

Lowell declares in one of his essays that a great Xerxes-army of words will not march down to posterity, that the feat is to be accomplished only by the compact and well organized Ten Thousand. The case of Robert Southey may be cited to substantiate this theory. Southey is dimly remembered as having been associated with Coleridge in the Pantisocracy scheme, joined with Wordsworth in a retirement to the English lake country as well as in a reaction to religious and political conservatism, and pilloried by Byron in "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan." Of his narrative poems none are read nowadays, and of his shorter pieces but two—his description of the falls of Lodore and his glimpse at the battle of Blenheim through the eyes of old Kaspar, who knew only that "twas a famous victory." As a prose writer he is remem-

bered scarcely at all except through his "Life of Nelson"; his tale of the three bears is thought of as a piece of folk-lore. Yet he was a prolific writer; it is estimated that his collected works would fill about two hundred octavo volumes. Only, his works have never been collected, confident though he was that they would be. Their bulk is too great for that, their level of attainment not high enough. Scholars have known, however, that they contain articles and passages of considerable value, as we might indeed expect from the owner of so magnificent a private library and from so persistent a contributor to "The Quarterly Review." The need has been for some one to separate the wheat from the chaff. This task has at last been performed by Dr. Jacob Zeitlin, of the University of Illinois, whose collection of "Select Prose of Robert Southey" (Macmillan) contains nearly four hundred pages of Southey's most readable and significant prose. It is introduced by a scholarly analysis of his ideas, methods, and style. The volume makes accessible a writer who has been too much ignored. Southey always wrote fluently, sometimes with genuine power. It is a pity that the volume does not include an excerpt from the "Life of Nelson" or any specimens from the two valuable collections of Southey's letters.

*Antiquated  
notions of the  
useful life.*

In an age that promises long life only to the individual, city, or nation that can furnish the bigger gun or the more spectacular "preparedness" parade, there is something anomalous in the simultaneous publication of two new editions of the quaint discourses on long and sober living by Luigi Cornaro, the Venetian centenarian of the sixteenth century. The one, "Discourses on the Sober Life" (Crowell), is a paraphrased and modernized version; the other, "The Art of Living Long" (Putnam), is a more literal translation that aims to preserve the spirit of the original. After lauding temperance and sobriety and stating clearly how to gain and maintain good health, Cornaro gives his reasons for wanting to live to a ripe old age. Foremost among these is the desire to do service to his country, and this is the good old-fashioned manner in which he proposes to "take his own part": "Oh, what a glorious amusement! in which I find infinite delight, as I thereby show her [Venice] the means of improving her important estuary or harbor beyond the possibility of its filling for thousands of years to come; so as to secure to Venice her surprising and miraculous title of a maiden city, as she really is, and the only one in the whole world: . . . of showing this maid and queen in what manner she may abound with provisions, by improving large tracts of land, as well marshes as barren sands, to great profit. . . of showing how Venice, though already so strong as to be in a manner impregnable, may be rendered still stronger; and, though extremely beautiful, may still increase in beauty; though rich, may acquire more wealth, and may be made to enjoy better air, though her air is excellent. These three amusements, all arising from the idea of public utility, I enjoy in the highest degree."

*The first  
Bishop of  
Washington.*

Phillips Brooks once said, "I think that I would rather have written a great biography than a great book of any sort, as I would rather have painted a great portrait than any other kind of picture." This is declared to be his own literary ambition by Bishop Charles H. Brent in prefacing his biography of the late Henry Yates Satterlee, first Bishop of Washington. "A Master Builder" he names the book, with sub-title explaining that it is "the Life and Letters" of Bishop Satterlee. A high ideal has inspired the author's labors, and he portrays for us an attractive, a devoted, a lovable personality in him who for more than forty years gave himself to his chosen work as a minister of religion, and for twelve of those years held the high office to which he was elected in 1895. A peculiar fitness attends the choice of his biographer, as Bishop Brent was himself called with insistent urgency to fill the place left vacant by his friend's death in 1908. But his own duties in the Philippines seem to have outweighed all other claims. The book is well illustrated and indexed.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

All about the New York Public Library may be learned agreeably and in a short time from the handsome illustrated "Handbook" issued at the modest price of ten cents by the library itself. The splendid Central Building of course claims first place and most space in this useful guide; but the branches and the travelling libraries and the other adjuncts to the system are also mentioned. Especially informing is the ten-page "Historical Sketch" near the end.

Two hundred and ninety-nine short stories by modern American, English, French, German, and other writers are indexed in "A List of Short Stories" compiled by Mr. F. K. W. Drury, assistant librarian of the University of Illinois, who invites suggestions as to the three-hundredth story to round out the list. The pamphlet appears as an issue of the Bulletin of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English, and is distributed by the above-named library. The classification by languages places Jókai, conveniently but not quite accurately, among "the Russian and other Slavic." Care and judgment seem to have guided the selection, but every lover of short stories will like to reconstruct it, omitting and adding to suit his own taste.

The Rev. David Morton, D.D., who died eighteen years ago at the age of sixty-five, after more than forty years of notable work in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is the subject of a biography by Bishop Elijah Embree Hoss, of the same church. Before he was quite twenty-one, Mr. Morton became an itinerant preacher; at thirty-one he was elected President of the Russellville Academy for Girls; at forty he was made a Presiding Elder; and nine years later he entered upon the Church Extension work to which his fame is largely due. As one of his friends has said of him, he was a child of nature, unaffected,

unsophisticated, impatient of sham and pretence. He loved "nature in her visible forms," and he loved naturalness in men and women. The book, attractive in style and well illustrated, is issued by the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tennessee.

The sixth issue of "The American Year Book," edited by Mr. Francis G. Wickware, has recently been issued by Messrs. Appleton. It forms a record of events and progress for the year 1915, its material being arranged under thirty-three departments, in which are grouped articles on related subjects. "The American Year Book" holds an established place among reference books, and comment on its numerous excellences, sustained from year to year, is superfluous. The introductory sentences of the article on American History reveal the far-reaching effect of the Great War: "In ways unforeseen and to an extent undreamed of a year ago, every element of American life has felt the influence of the struggle. The pages of this volume exhibit the amazing diversity of its effects, which in many directions have been of profound and permanent importance."

In the first edition, published four years ago, Mr. Ernest F. Henderson's "Short History of Germany" (Macmillan) closed with the assumption of the imperial crown in the palace of Versailles on January 18, 1871. Now reissued, the two volumes contain additional chapters on events and progress in Germany since that date. As was pointed out in these columns (July 1, 1902) when the work first appeared, the narrative deals with political matters rather than the neglect of a discussion of the country's *Kulturgeschichte*; but the new material makes up in part for this deficiency by its emphasis on recent economic and social advancement. Indeed, after reading the new chapters, one is more than ready to agree with the author when he remarks: "It has been said of the Roman Catholic church that, with its sacraments and its required duties, it watches over men from the cradle to the grave. The same is true of the German Empire."

Dr. William Healy, whose work in the Juvenile Court of Chicago is deservedly well known, is the author of a small volume entitled "Honesty: A Study of the Causes and Treatment of Dishonesty among Children" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.). It is a practical treatise, free from the misleading simplicity of moral suasion, and protected by a sense of the complexity of the influences which surround the youthful offender in the complex currents of the modern city. The straight and narrow path is ever harder to find and tread amid the perplexing yet inviting mazes of the city street and the crowd on pleasure bent. Temptation takes new forms, and the old rules fail to hold. The book is a valuable guide for the social worker. Its basis is empirical, which is proper for the practical bent of the volume. It does not exaggerate the complexity of youth, or minimize the efficiency of the ten commandments. It faces the situation in an enlightening and sympathetic effort to deal wisely with the frailties of human nature.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

"Quaker Born," a romance of the Great War by Mr. Ian C. Hannah, is announced for September publication by Mr. G. Arnold Shaw.

Mrs. Ethel Hueston has written a sequel to "Prudence of the Parsonage" which the Bobbs-Merrill Co. will publish under the title, "Prudence Says So."

Mr. Owen Johnson's forthcoming novel, "The Woman Gives," is a story of present-day life in New York. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. expect to issue the book early in the autumn.

The American Bookplate Society announces the publication of a volume dealing with the bookplates of the late George W. Eve, written and compiled by Mr. George Heath Viner.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., is at work on "King John," which Messrs. Lippincott expect to issue next year as the nineteenth volume in their "New Variorum Edition" of Shakespeare.

A "Bibliography of the Works of Thomas Hardy," compiled by Mr. A. P. Webb, will soon be issued in a handsomely printed limited edition by the Torch Press Book Shop, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Among early publications expected from Messrs. Macmillan is Professor R. A. Gregory's new book, "Discovery; or, The Spirit and Service of Science," pointing out the value and nobility of scientific work.

"From Nature Forward" by Harriet Doan Prentiss, a volume outlining a system of psychological reform to meet the nervous strain of modern life, is announced for immediate issue by Messrs. Lippincott.

Three volumes to be added to the "New Poetry Series" within the next two or three months are "Mothers and Men" by Mr. H. T. Pulsifer, and new collections of verse by Josephine Preston Peabody and Anna Hempstead Branch.

"A Political and Social History of Modern Europe," covering the period from 1500 to 1915, has been written by Professor Carlton Hayes of Columbia, and will be published this month, in two volumes, by the Macmillan Co.

"Helen" by Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, "The Wall Street Girl" by Mr. Frederick Orin Bartlett, and "Filling His Own Shoes" by Mr. Henry C. Rowland, are three novels which Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. expect to issue early in the autumn.

Two interesting volumes to be issued by the Harvard University Press during the early Fall season are "The Spiritual Interpretation of History" by Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago, and "Personality in German Literature" by Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard.

Near the end of August Messrs. Holt expect to issue a volume on Handel by M. Romain Rolland. The first half of the volume deals with the life of the composer; the second part, dealing with his work, places as much emphasis on Handel's operas and his instrumental works as on his oratorios.

Among other novels to be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Putnam are "The Cab of the Sleeping

Horse" by Mr. John Reed Scott, "Twenty-Three Minutes to Five" by Mrs. Anna Katherine Green, "The Breath of the Dragon" by Mr. A. H. Fitch, and "Desmond's Daughter" by Miss Maud Diver.

"The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill," edited by her son, which is now in preparation, will form both a biography and autobiography, containing many new reminiscences and character studies from Lady Dorothy's pen. The correspondence includes a selection of hitherto unpublished letters from her circle of friends.

Professor L. T. Hobhouse has nearly ready a new book entitled "Questions of War and Peace," discussing, in the form of dialogues, such problems as the fundamental justification of the war and the effect of the struggle upon democracy. To the dialogues is added an address on the possibility of effecting some form of international organization to prevent future catastrophes.

"The Founding of Spanish California: The Northwestward Expansion of New Spain, 1687-1783," is the title of a forthcoming work by Professor Charles E. Chapman, of the University of California. Based almost wholly on hitherto unused materials, the work tends to show that the history of California is not only interesting of itself, but that it is also important in the development of the nation.

Several important biographies are included in the preliminary autumn announcement list of Houghton Mifflin Co. Among others are Mr. Frank Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau," Mr. John Spencer Clark's "Life of John Fiske," and Hon. Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall." Interesting biographical material will also be found in a volume of "Letters of Richard Watson Gilder," edited by his daughter, Miss Rosamund Gilder.

A posthumous work of Thomas Macdonagh, the Irish rebel and poet, who was recently executed, is ready for immediate issue. Macdonagh was a lecturer at University College, Dublin, and the author of two other volumes, "Songs of Myself," and a treatise on "Thomas Campion and the Art of English poetry." The new book is entitled "Literature in Ireland: Studies Irish and Anglo-Irish," and represents an inquiry into the characteristics of what the author calls the "Irish mode," the various features of which are illustrated by a selection of pieces showing the influence of Gaelic verse.

A study of "The Estate of George Washington, Deceased"; described in the sub-title as "a historical and legal account of his last will and testament and the administration thereof, together with documents and other illustrations," is being prepared by Mr. Eugene E. Prussing of the Chicago bar. Mr. Prussing will be greatly obliged to all librarians and others who will communicate with him concerning the existence and possession of material relating to this phase of Washington's history, such as account books, legal records and papers, the location and subsequent use of lands owned by Washington, and similar data. His address is Room 1122, No. 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago.



We learn by way of the London "Times" that the Harvard College Library has lately come into possession of a remarkable collection of English historical broadsides and proclamations printed between 1626 and 1700. The collection has been formed during the past quarter of a century by a well-known collector, and was sold on his behalf to Harvard by Messrs. Dobell, of London. The only collections to rival that of Harvard were those of Colonel F. Grant, Mr. J. E. Hodgkin (both now dispersed), and that in the possession of Lord Crawford. There are nearly eight hundred separate pieces. Four relate to Nell Gwynne and the Duchess of Portsmouth; a large and very valuable collection concerns the Duke of Monmouth and the rising in the West of England, and an even more wonderful series concerns the Rump Parliament, among which are many of a satirical character. Another extraordinary series printed in 1659 deals with the affairs leading up to the Restoration of the Monarchy. There are also various ordinances issued by the Royalists and by the Commonwealth Parliaments, and a large number concerning the doings of Charles I. during the most eventful period of his history. Accounts of fires form another feature of the collection.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1916.

Agricultural Revival in Massachusetts. R. S. Baker . . . *World's Work*  
 America: Rich and Hungry. Allan L. Benson . . . *Pearson's*  
 America: Trans-National. R. S. Bourne . . . *Atlantic*  
 Andromeda, A Lost City of the. H. A. Frank . . . *Century*  
 Animal-Breeding Industry. Raymond Pearl . . . *Scientific*  
 Armenians under Russia. G. F. Herrick . . . *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Australia: A Real Democracy. W. M. Hughes . . . *Pearson's*  
 Balkans, The Simmering. T. L. Stoddard . . . *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Belgium, A Family in. Mrs. Arthur Gleason . . . *Century*  
 Black Death, The. T. D. A. Cockerell . . . *Scientific*  
 Bomb-Thrower in the Trenches. Lieutenant Z. . . *Scribner*  
 Branshear, John A. Merle Crowell . . . *American*  
 British Imperial Federation. George B. Adams . . . *Yale*  
 Buddhist Art in India. Ananda Coomaraswamy . . . *Scribner*  
 Banner, H. C. Uncollected Poems of. Brander Matthews . . . *Bookman*  
 China, New President of. H. K. Tong . . . *Rev. of Revs.*  
 China, Trade Organization in. A. C. Muhse . . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*  
 Clowns. Wyndham Martin . . . *Pearson's*  
 College Life, Remaking of. G. F. Kearney . . . *Scribner*  
 Columbus's Fishing Story. C. R. Eastman . . . *Scientific*  
 Connecticut's Music Festival. Lawrence Gilman . . . *No. Amer.*  
 Cooper's Letters. J. Fenimore Cooper, Jr. . . . *Yale*  
 Country School, Rebirth of. Carl Holliday . . . *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Crime, Some Fallacies about. . . . . *Unpopular*  
 Daniels, Josephus. B. J. Hendrick . . . *World's Work*  
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